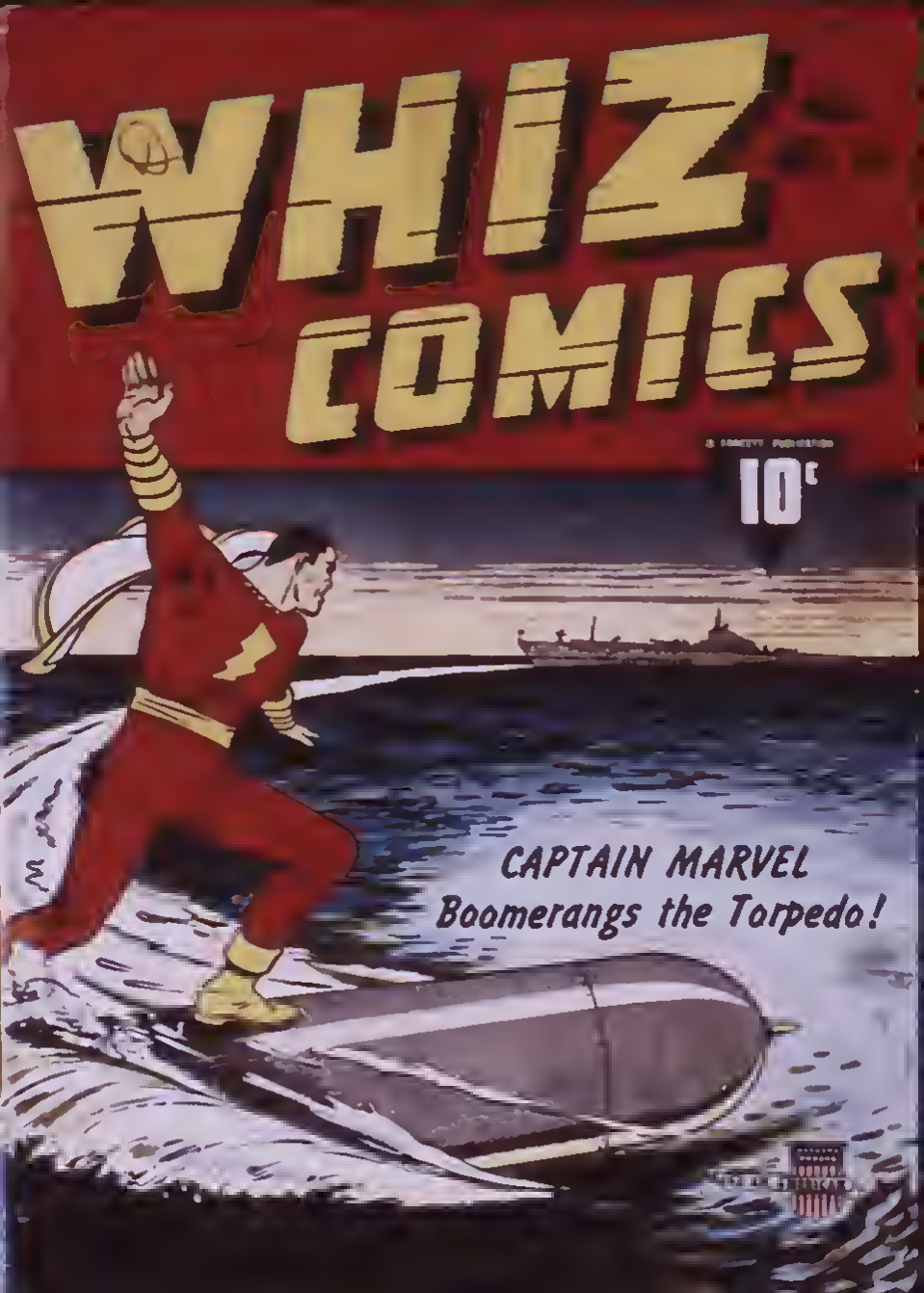
WHIZ COMICS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢



WHIZ COMICS' TRADING POST

NOTE: *If you are interested in any of these articles offered for trade, WRITE DIRECT to the boy or girl whose name and address appear in the Swap Notice. PLEASE DO NOT SEND your letter to WHIZ COMICS.*

Will trade movie picture projector for any reasonable article. Write to Joe Stehli, 1220 First St., Dayton, Ohio.

Will trade Remington camera (candid) for anything that pleases me. Write to Marshall Lange 3208 W Sahstreet Ave R, Brooklyn, N Y

Will trade trinkets, fancy pocket flashlight (in good condition) and pictures of movie stars for anything that pleases me. Write to Thelma Berg, 1001 Ave R, Brooklyn, N Y

Will trade 16 m.m. motion picture camera and projector for a good 8 m.m. projector. Write to Julian Newman, 3404 Cortland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Will trade sweat B B gun in excellent condition for useful article. Write to Eugene Shields, R F D 2 Box 388 Okmulgee Okla.

Will trade Ensel moving picture machine with 35 ft. of comedy film for cash or other articles. Write to Jack Bowen, Port Perry Ontario, Canada.

Will trade old stamps and coins for others. Write to Irene Marsh, Yorkville, Cal.

Will trade 60 to m. candid camera for aviation books or pamphlets. Write to Dick Tozer 302 N Grove St. Bowling Green, Ohio.

Will trade a thoroughbred black rabbit for a camera. Write to Eugene Brown, 1610 James St. Durham, N C.

Will trade perfectly good fielder's glove for powerful Benjamin air rifle. Write to Charles Bagle, 228 Horn Ave., Lyndhurst, N J.

Will trade U. S. stamps for other U S stamps. Write to Norman S., 104 Walton St. Brooklyn, N Y.

Will trade sweat camera and case for a microphone. Write to Joseph Retona, 204 Blvd. Kingston, N Y.

Will trade R[illegible] Wrist [illegible] and others—also small stamp and butterfly collection for whatever pleases me. Write to Harold Locher 905 Bunch St. Corinth, Miss.

Will trade portable typewriter for .22 caliber rifle. Write to Richard Robinson, 9 Miller St. Penn Hall, N J.

Will trade sweat new 5½ Erector set with electric motor for a good second-hand portable radio. Write to Henry Mason, 107 Fellows St. Roxbury, Mass.

Will trade complete microchemistry set for model airplane kits or other things dealing with aviation. Write to Lawrence Bell, P O Box 613, Hudson, Arizona.

Will trade olympic swimming glasses (priced $1.19) for a suitable article. State cost and age of article. Write to Bernard Crane Jr. Route 1 Cleveland, N C (c/o L. P. Boland).

Will trade a bicycle speedometer for a camera or other useful article. Write to Miles Morris, 2720 Lombard, San Francisco, Cal.

Will trade a Remington camera with good carrying case for something useful. Write to Jerome Goldberg, 1220 So. Karlov St. Chicago.

Will trade baseball mitt and bat for the ft 16 m.m. movie film. Write to Lawrence Bateman, Jewell Ridge, Va.

Will trade rare Stabing set including casting rod and carrier case for film camera and set. Write to Lee Hendren, 205 E. 7th St. Rushville, Ind.

Will trade small-sized camera for hunting knife and sheath. Write to Carl Wendner 05 Pitts St. Clinton, S C.

Will trade good single-shot air rifle for tommy gun that shoots sparks. Write to Ray Harris, Neth, W Va.

Will trade modeling set and [illegible] comic books for crystal set with ear phones and snippers. Write to Teddy Hanik, 617 E. Spring St., Lansing, Mich.

Will trade sweat midget radio in perfect condition, costing $15.00 for record playing machine. Write to Tyrone Rogers, 15 Mesereole St. Elkhyn, N Y.

Will trade Lionel transformer in perfect condition, 60 cycles, 130 watts, A C only for developing set in good condition. Write to Victor Bonomo, 1730 University Ave. Bronx, N Y.

Will trade Brownie camera for chemistry set. Write to Mat Henry 42 So Orange Ave., Newark, N J.

Will trade 15 jewel watch, stamps and coins, and swimming suit for whatever pleases me. Write to George M Hill, 4021 N Florissant Ave St. Louis, Mo.

Will trade wonderful new device made on steel ruler for 16 inches of precision. Write to Adell Pettis, Edson, Miss.

Will trade a typewriter that is in good condition for a B B gun, or other useful article. Write to Russell E. Handley 2730 Pioneer Rd. Reeds Lake, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Will trade good Rollerfast roller skates for model plane motor or whatever pleases me. Write to Ira Walker Route 1, Boomer, N C.

Will trade genuine leather basebo[illegible] which was used in the Southern League for camera 2¼" by 2½". Write to Edward Reid, 913 22nd Ave Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Will trade official Boy Scout signal set with international Morse code to [illegible] and telegraph outfit or some useful article. Write to Edward L. Harley 807 Gotham St. Lowell, Mass.

P. S. If you have something to trade—and you're looking for someone to trade with—write out a Swap Notice (like those printed above) and send it to

TRADING POST WHIZ COMICS, 1501 Broadway, New York City

We'll print your Swap Notice in the first available issue of WHIZ COMICS—ABSOLUTELY FREE. All we ask is that you be completely honest in your Swap Notice and do not misrepresent any article offered for trade.

MARCH, 1941. VOL. 2, NO. 14

IS A [illegible] BRAVE YOUNG FELLOW. AN AGED SORCERER CHOSE HIM TO CARRY ON THE FIGHT AGAINST THE WORLD'S EVILS. HE GAVE HIM THE MAGIC WORD, "SHAZAM," WHICH TRANSFORMS YOUNG BILLY INTO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN, CAPTAIN MARVEL.

THE STRANGE POWER CREATES MANY DANGERS FOR YOUNG BILLY AND ONLY A VERY COURAGEOUS LAD COULD CARRY ON — FOR, THERE ARE COUNTLESS TERRIBLE ENEMIES WHOSE GREATEST JOY WOULD BE TO PUT AN END TO CAPTAIN MARVEL.

Capt. Marvel

HELLO EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE. THIS IS BILLY BATSON BRINGING YOU ALL THE DETAILS OF THE BIGGEST NEWS STORY I'VE EVER COVERED.

BILLY UNFOLDS HIS STORY. YOU REMEMBER WE HAD SIVANA IN JAIL AT LAST AND THINGS WERE PRETTY QUIET WHILE WE WAITED FOR HIS TRIAL.

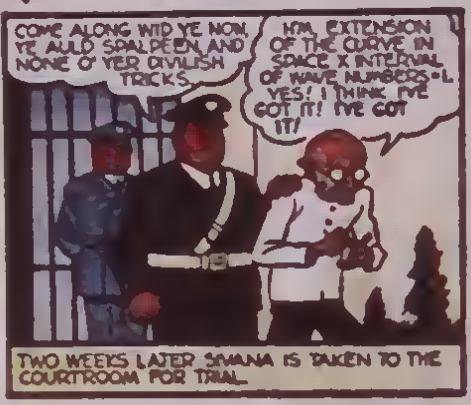
BEGORRA, AND 'TIS A QUARE DUCK THAT AULD SIVANA IS. FORWVER WORKIN' HIS RIDDLES IN THERE.

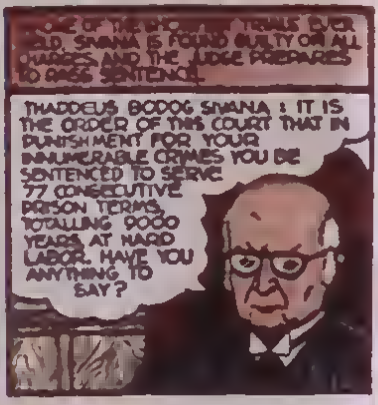
YEH! ALL HE DOES IS SIT AN' FIGGER ALL DAY LONG.

HM, LETS SEE NOW. $v = \frac{dx}{dt} \times 10^{-10}$ — THEN IF $c^2 (\cdot 9 \times 10^{10})$ —

GUARDS! YOU STUPID FOOLS! BRING MORE PAPER! MORE PAPER!

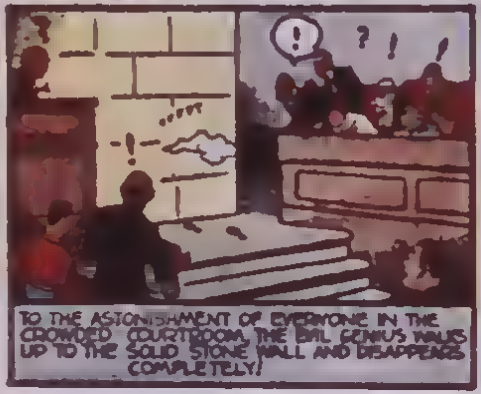
THE PRISON AUTHORITIES SEE NO HARM IN ALLOWING THE MAD OLD SCIENTIST ALL THE PAPER HE DEMANDS FOR HIS ENDLESS CALCULATIONS.

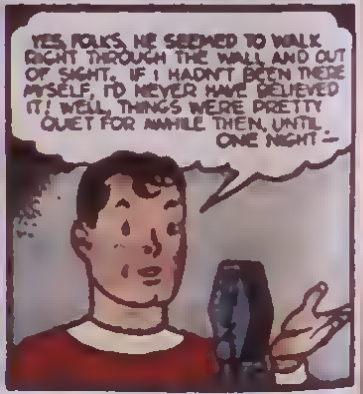

COME ALONG WID YE NOW, YE AULD SPALPEEN, AND NONE O' YER DIVILISH TRICKS.
HM. EXTENSION OF THE CURVE IN SPACE X INTERVAL OF WAVE NUMBERS = L YES! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!
TWO WEEKS LATER SIVANA IS TAKEN TO THE COURTROOM FOR TRIAL.


ONE OF THE SPECTACULAR TRIALS EVER HELD. SIVANA IS FOUND GUILTY ON ALL CHARGES AND THE JUDGE PREPARES TO PASS SENTENCE.
THADDEUS BODOG SIVANA : IT IS THE ORDER OF THIS COURT THAT IN PUNISHMENT FOR YOUR INNUMERABLE CRIMES YOU BE SENTENCED TO SERVE 77 CONSECUTIVE PRISON TERMS, TOTALLING 9000 YEARS AT HARD LABOR. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY?

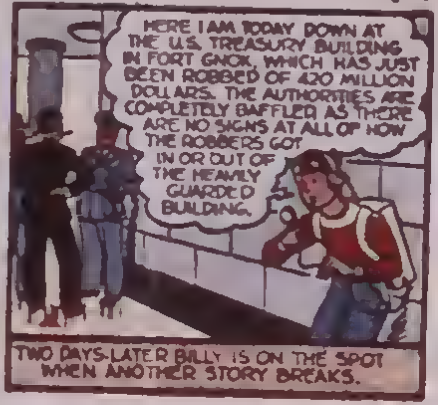
ONLY THIS—

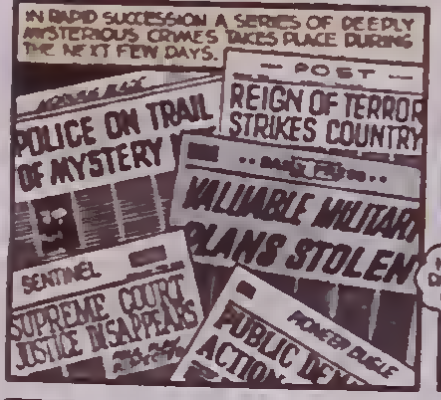
—YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH ME FIRST. HEHE! HEH!

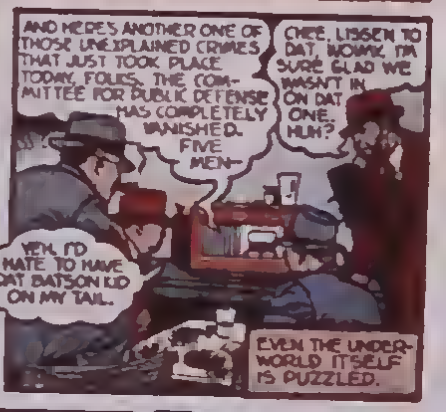

!
? ! !
TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF EVERYONE IN THE CROWDED COURTROOM, THE EVIL GENIUS WALKS UP TO THE SOLID STONE WALL AND DISAPPEARS COMPLETELY!

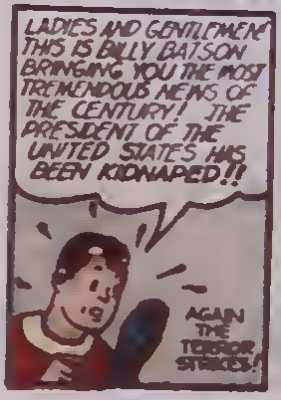

YES, FOLKS, HE SEEMED TO WALK RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL AND OUT OF SIGHT. IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE MYSELF, I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT! WELL, THINGS WERE PRETTY QUIET FOR AWHILE THEN, UNTIL ONE NIGHT—

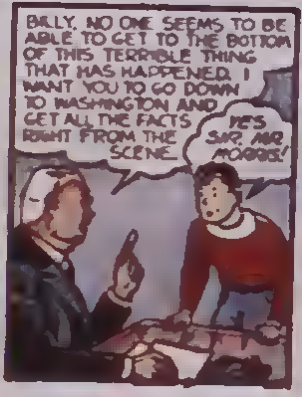
HERE'S A FLASH THAT JUST CAME IN, FOLKS. A BOMB HAS JUST BLOWN UP THE FEDERAL STATES BUILDING IN WASHINGTON! CASUALTIES UNDETERMINED AS YET! DAMAGE TREMENDOUS! F.B.I. MEN ON THE SPOT! SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS SPEEDING TO THE SCENE!
BILLY'S BROADCASTS ARE SURE THE STUFF, EH POP?
WOW! LISTEN TO THAT!

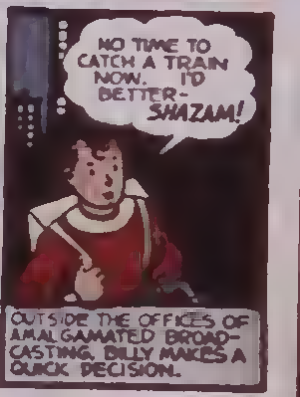

HERE I AM TODAY DOWN AT THE U.S. TREASURY BUILDING IN FORT GNOX, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED OF 420 MILLION DOLLARS. THE AUTHORITIES ARE COMPLETELY BAFFLED AS THERE ARE NO SIGNS AT ALL OF HOW THE ROBBERS GOT IN OR OUT OF THE HEAVILY GUARDED BUILDING.
TWO DAYS LATER BILLY IS ON THE SPOT WHEN ANOTHER STORY BREAKS.


IN RAPID SUCCESSION A SERIES OF DEEPLY MYSTERIOUS CRIMES TAKES PLACE DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS.
POST
REIGN OF TERROR STRIKES COUNTRY
POLICE ON TRAIL OF MYSTERY
VALUABLE MILITARY PLANS STOLEN
SENTINEL
SUPREME COURT JUSTICE DISAPPEARS
PIONEER EAGLE
PUBLIC DEFENDER ACTION

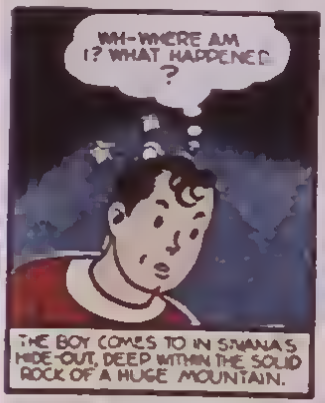

AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE UNEXPLAINED CRIMES THAT JUST TOOK PLACE TODAY, FOLKS. THE COMMITTEE FOR PUBLIC DEFENSE HAS COMPLETELY VANISHED. FIVE MEN—
CHEE, LISSEN TO DAT, WOWIE, I'M SURE GLAD WE WASN'T IN ON DAT ONE, HUH?
YEH, I'D HATE TO HAVE DAT BATSON KID ON MY TAIL.
EVEN THE UNDERWORLD ITSELF IS PUZZLED.

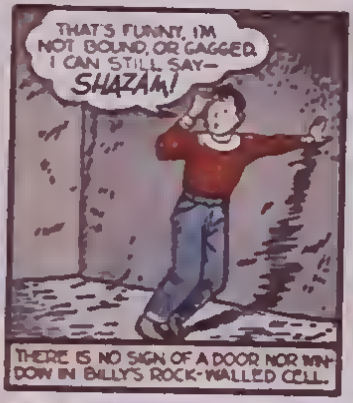

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THIS IS BILLY BATSON BRINGING YOU THE MOST TREMENDOUS NEWS OF THE CENTURY! THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES HAS BEEN KIDNAPED!!
AGAIN THE TERROR STRIKES!


BILLY, NO ONE SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS TERRIBLE THING THAT HAS HAPPENED. I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN TO WASHINGTON AND GET ALL THE FACTS RIGHT FROM THE SCENE.
YES SIR, MR MORRIS!


NO TIME TO CATCH A TRAIN NOW. I'D BETTER— SHAZAM!
OUTSIDE THE OFFICES OF AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING, BILLY MAKES A QUICK DECISION.

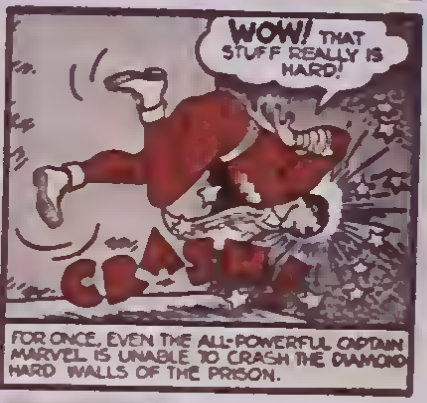
A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHTNING STARTLES PEACEFUL CITIZENS—
—AND CAPTAIN MARVEL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN TAKES OFF WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP.
MADE IT! AND NOW—
WITHIN A HALF HOUR LATER MARVEL COMPLETES THE 200-MILE JOURNEY.
ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHTNING TRANSFORMS BILLY TO HIS ORIGINAL SELF.
AND YOU SAY YOU SAW SOME KIND OF A GHOST JUST BEFORE IT ALL HAPPENED? (RIGHT INTO THE MICROPHONE, PLEASE)
YESSIR! IT WAS A KIND OF A TRANSPARENT-LOOKING INDISTINCT FIGURE SORT OF LOOKED LIKE AN OLD BALD HEADED MAN, IT DID. BUT IT BLEW AWAY BEFORE I COULD GET TO IT.
FROM SEVERAL WITNESSES THE BOY REPORTER RECEIVES THE SAME STORY OF A MYSTERIOUSLY-DISAPPEARING FIGURE.
—BILLY BATSON BACK IN THE AMALGAMATED STUDIOS AGAIN, HOURS LATER. WELL, I THINK I'M ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING AT LAST. I'VE A HUNCH IT'S—
YESSS! IT'S SAMANA IN PERSON YOU HELPLESS IDIOTS! I'M HERE IN THIS STUDIO! I CAME IN, AND THERE WASN'T A DOOR OR WINDOW OPEN IN THE PLACE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!
BOP
BILLY'S BROADCAST IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A HOARSE, CACKLING VOICE—THE VOICE OF SAMANA!
SO! YOU'RE DOING LITTLE PUPIL YOU'RE COMING WITH ME NOW WHERE YOU WON'T BE POKING THAT SHARP LITTLE NOSE OF YOURS INTO MY AFFAIRS ANY MORE
BEFORE STUDIO OFFICIALS CAN ACT SAMANA PICKS UP THE UNCONSCIOUS BILLY AND IS GONE.

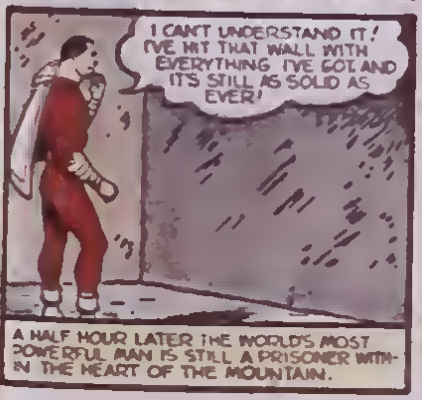

WH-WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?
THE BOY COMES TO IN SHAZAM'S HIDE-OUT, DEEP WITHIN THE SOLID ROCK OF A HUGE MOUNTAIN.


THAT'S FUNNY, I'M NOT BOUND, OR GAGGED. I CAN STILL SAY— SHAZAM!
THERE IS NO SIGN OF A DOOR NOR WINDOW IN BILLY'S ROCK-WALLED CELL.

CRASH
BOOM

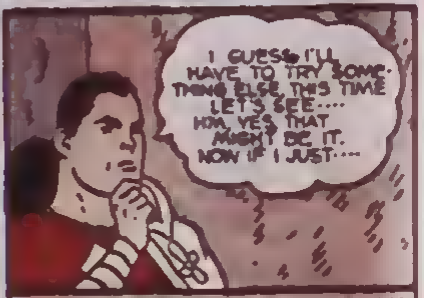
NOW TO TEAR THIS PLACE APART!


WOW! THAT STUFF REALLY IS HARD!
CRASH!
FOR ONCE, EVEN THE ALL-POWERFUL CAPTAIN MARVEL IS UNABLE TO CRASH THE DIAMOND HARD WALLS OF THE PRISON.

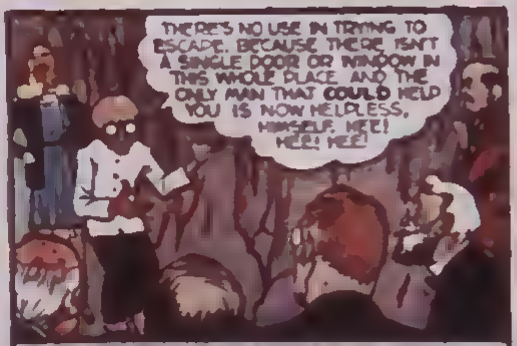

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I'VE HIT THAT WALL WITH EVERYTHING I'VE GOT AND IT'S STILL AS SOLID AS EVER!
A HALF HOUR LATER THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MAN IS STILL A PRISONER WITHIN THE HEART OF THE MOUNTAIN.

YOU! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! WHY, I'LL—
HEE! HEE! HEE! CACKLE CACKLE HEE! HEE!

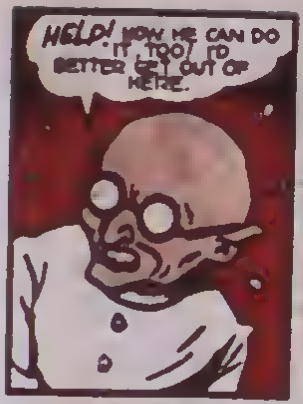
CAPT. MARVEL LUNGES FOR SAMNA, BUT FINDS ONLY A THIN CLOUD OF NOTHING WHICH FLOATS AWAY THROUGH HIS FINGERS.



ENDOWED WITH THE WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THE GREATEST MEN WHO HAVE EVER LIVED, CAPT. MARVEL ABANDONS HIS ATTACK ON THE WALL AND SETS HIS MIND TO WORK ON THE KNOTTY PROBLEM OF HIS ESCAPE.

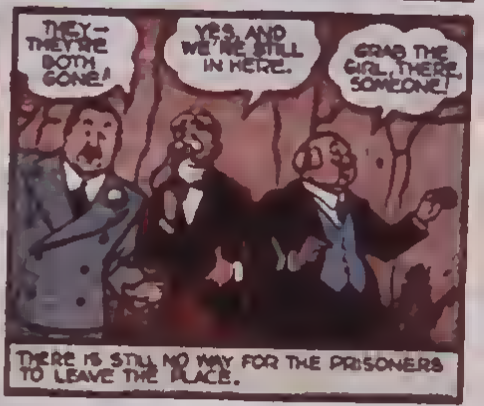

THERE'S NO USE IN TRYING TO ESCAPE, BECAUSE THERE ISN'T A SINGLE DOOR OR WINDOW IN THIS WHOLE PLACE AND THE ONLY MAN THAT COULD HELP YOU IS NOW HELPLESS, HIMSELF. HEE! HEE! HEE!

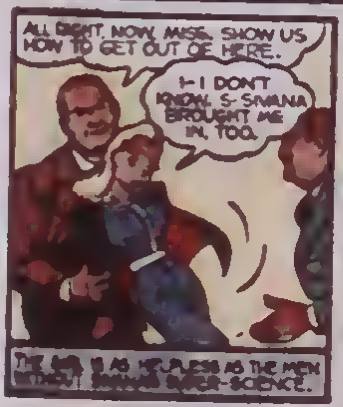
IN ANOTHER PART OF THE UNDERGROUND HIDE-OUT SAMNA ADDRESSES THE GROUP OF MEN HE HAS KIDNAPED.


HELP! NOW ME CAN DO IT, TOO! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.

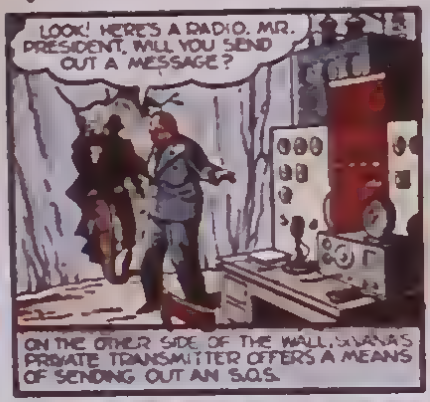
YOUR LITTLE VANISHING TRICK HAD ME FOOLED FOR A MINUTE. BUT—

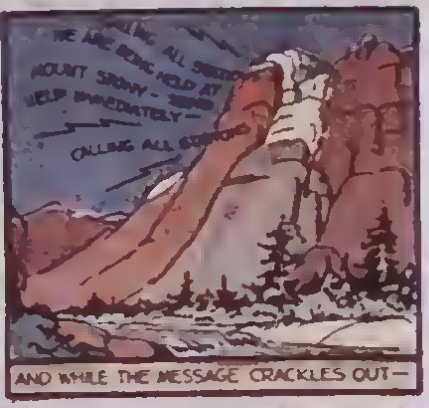
—TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME, SIVANA.

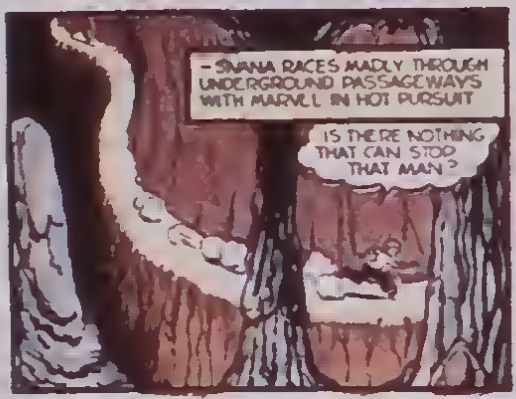

THEY— THEY'RE BOTH GONE!
YES, AND WE'RE STILL IN HERE.
GRAB THE GIRL, THERE'S SOMEONE!
THERE IS STILL NO WAY FOR THE PRISONERS TO LEAVE THE PLACE.

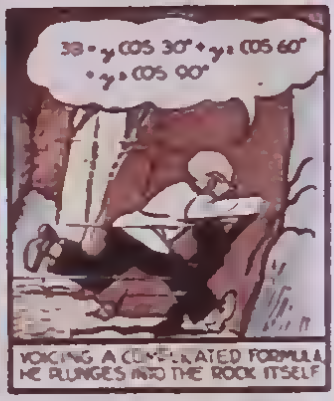

ALL RIGHT, NOW, MISS. SHOW US HOW TO GET OUT OF HERE..
I-I DON'T KNOW. S-SIVANA BROUGHT ME IN, TOO.
THE LAB IS AS HELPLESS AS THE MEN

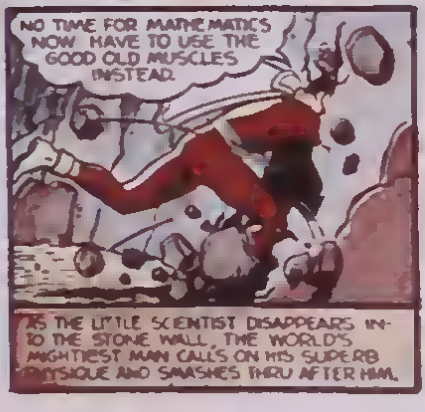
THERE THEY GO AGAIN!
AND THERE'S OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

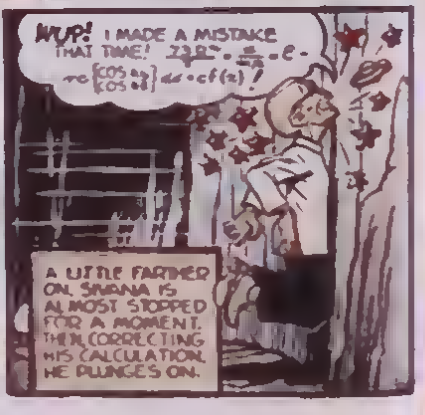

LOOK! HERE'S A RADIO, MR. PRESIDENT. WILL YOU SEND OUT A MESSAGE?
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL, SIVANA'S PRIVATE TRANSMITTER OFFERS A MEANS OF SENDING OUT AN S.O.S.


WE ARE BEING HELD AT MOUNT SINAI - HELP IMMEDIATELY —
CALLING ALL STATIONS
AND WHILE THE MESSAGE CRACKLES OUT —


— SIVANA RACES MADLY THROUGH UNDERGROUND PASSAGEWAYS WITH MARVEL IN HOT PURSUIT
IS THERE NOTHING THAT CAN STOP THAT MAN?


38 • y COS 30° + y₂ COS 60° • y₃ COS 90°
VOICING A COMPLICATED FORMULA HE PLUNGES INTO THE ROCK ITSELF


NO TIME FOR MATHEMATICS NOW. HAVE TO USE THE GOOD OLD MUSCLES INSTEAD.
AS THE LITTLE SCIENTIST DISAPPEARS INTO THE STONE WALL, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN CALLS ON HIS SUPERB PHYSIQUE AND SMASHES THRU AFTER HIM.


WUP! I MADE A MISTAKE THAT TIME!
A LITTLE FARTHER ON, SIVANA IS ALMOST STOPPED FOR A MOMENT. THEN, CORRECTING HIS CALCULATION, HE PLUNGES ON.

I'M AFRAID THESE WALLS WILL NEED A BIT OF REPAIRING AFTER WE'RE DONE, SIVANA.

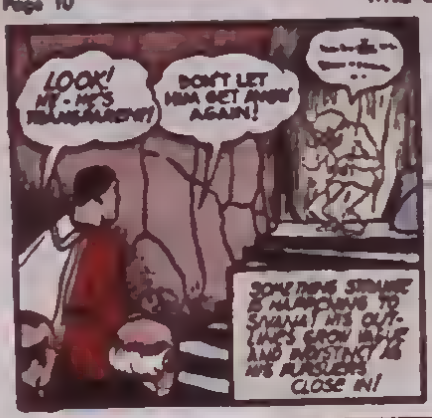
THE WILY SCIENTIST DIVES INTO A CHUTE—

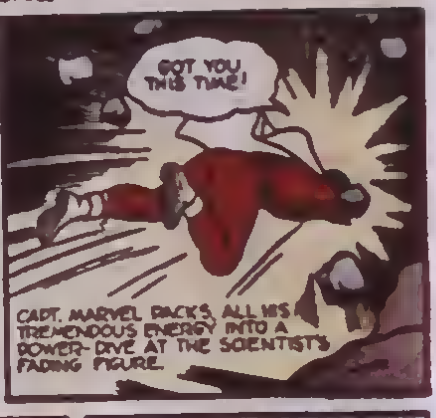
—BUT MARVEL IS RIGHT ON HIS HEELS.

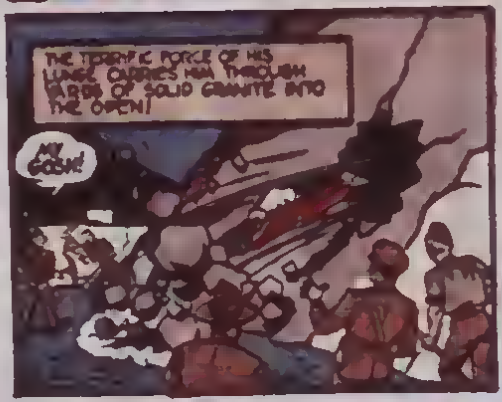
CRASH!
NOW WHERE DID HE GO?
CAPT. MARVEL FINDS HIMSELF IN THE RADIO ROOM.

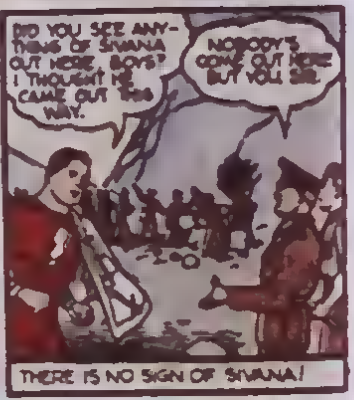
WE'VE SENT FOR HELP. A DETACHMENT OF TROOPS IS OUTSIDE NOW.
COME ON THEN—WE'LL LET THEM IN.

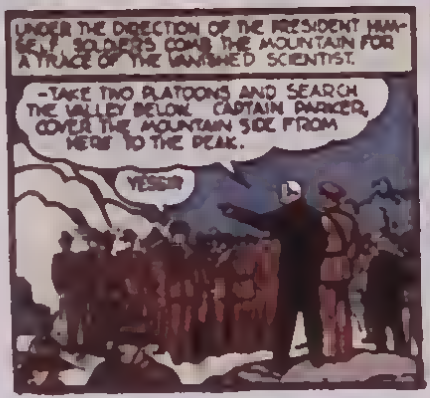
I'M TRAPPED!
THUMP!
THUMP!

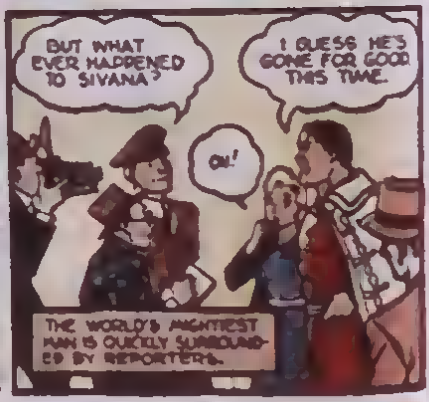

LOOK! MY - HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY AGAIN!
SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO SIVANA! HIS OUTLINES GROW BLURRY AND TRANSPARENT AS HIS NURSERS CLOSE IN!

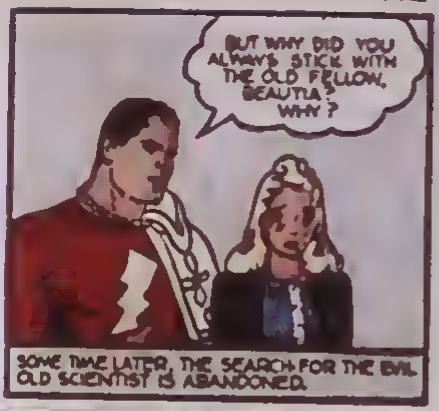

GOT YOU THIS TIME!
CAPT. MARVEL RACKS ALL HIS TREMENDOUS ENERGY INTO A POWER-DIVE AT THE SCIENTIST'S FADING FIGURE.


THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF HIS LUNGE CARRIES HIM THROUGH A BED OF SOLID GRANITE INTO THE OPEN!
MY GOSH!


DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OF SIVANA OUT HERE, BOYS? I THOUGHT HE CAME OUT THIS WAY.
NOBODY'S COME OUT HERE BUT YOU, SIR.
THERE IS NO SIGN OF SIVANA!

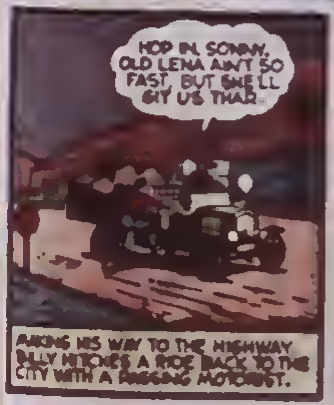

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF, SOLDIERS COMB THE MOUNTAIN FOR A TRACE OF THE VANISHED SCIENTIST.
-TAKE TWO PLATOONS AND SEARCH THE VALLEY BELOW, CAPTAIN PARKER. COVER THE MOUNTAIN SIDE FROM HERE TO THE PEAK.
YESSIR

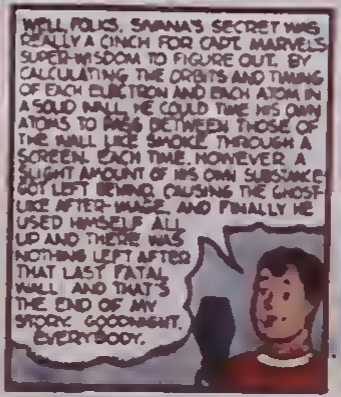

BUT WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO SIVANA?
I GUESS HE'S GONE FOR GOOD THIS TIME.
OH!
THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN IS QUICKLY SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS.

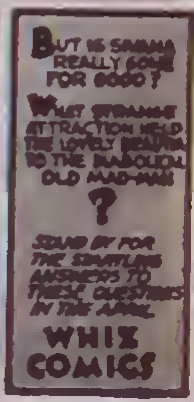

BUT WHY DID YOU ALWAYS STICK WITH THE OLD FELLOW, BEAUTIA? WHY?
SOME TIME LATER, THE SEARCH FOR THE EVIL OLD SCIENTIST IS ABANDONED.

NO! NO! I CAN'T TELL! OH, BOO HOO!

TAKE HER BACK WITH YOU, BOYS. BE NICE TO HER. THE POOR GIRL'S TAKING IT PRETTY HARD.

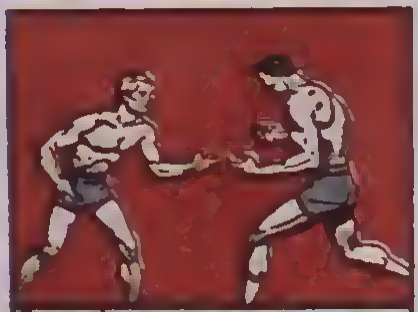

HOP IN, SONNY. OLD LENA AIN'T SO FAST, BUT SHE'LL GIT US THAR.
MAKING HIS WAY TO THE HIGHWAY BILLY HITCHES A RIDE BACK TO THE CITY WITH A PASSING MOTORIST.


WELL FOLKS, SAVANA'S SECRET WAS REALLY A CINCH FOR CAPT. MARVEL'S SUPER-WISDOM TO FIGURE OUT. BY CALCULATING THE ORBITS AND TIMING OF EACH ELECTRON AND EACH ATOM IN A SOLID WALL, HE COULD TIME HIS OWN ATOMS TO PASS BETWEEN THOSE OF THE WALL LIKE SMOKE THROUGH A SCREEN. EACH TIME, HOWEVER, A SLIGHT AMOUNT OF HIS OWN SUBSTANCE GOT LEFT BEHIND, CAUSING THE GHOST-LIKE AFTER-IMAGE. AND FINALLY HE USED HIMSELF ALL UP AND THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT AFTER THAT LAST FATAL WALL AND THAT'S THE END OF MY STORY. GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY.


BUT IS SAVANA REALLY GONE FOR GOOD?
WHAT STRANGE ATTRACTION HELD THE LOVELY BEAUTIA TO THE BARBARIC OLD MAD-MAN?
?
STAND BY FOR THE STARTLING ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS IN THE APRIL
WHIZ COMICS

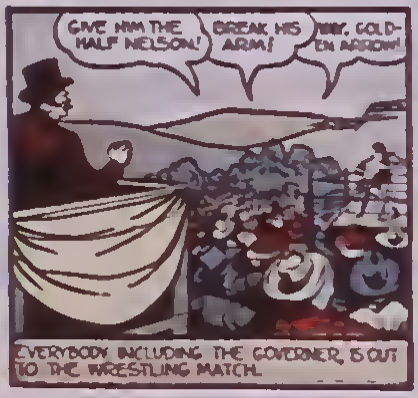
GOLDEN ARROW

ASTRIDE WHITE WIND, HIS POWERFUL STEED, GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE WEST, BRAVELY RIDES THE DANGEROUS TRAIL OF JUSTICE IN A COUNTRY TERRORIZED BY VIOLENCE. ARMED ONLY WITH A BOW AND ARROWS MADE OF SOLID GOLD, HE OUTSMARTS AND OUTFIGHTS THE WEST'S MOST DREADED OUTLAWS.



GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY HERO OF THE WEST, IS MATCHED AGAINST THE CHAMP OF THE NEIGHBORING COUNTY IN THE ANNUAL WRESTLING MATCH.

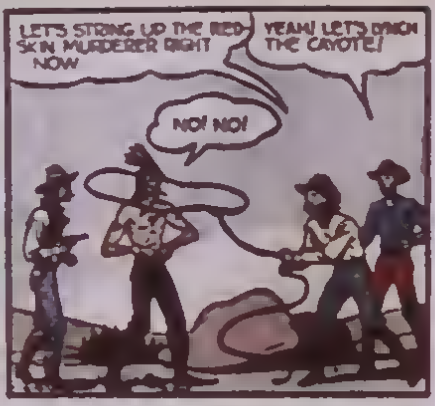
A REDSKIN RIDES TOWARD THE VILLAGE

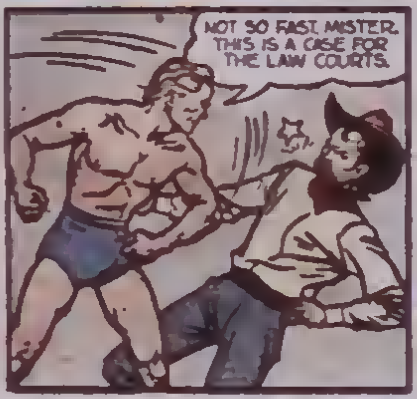


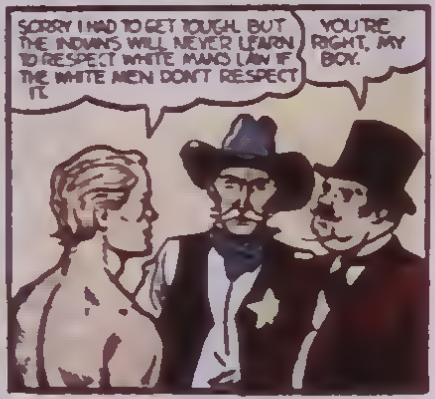
EVERYBODY INCLUDING THE GOVERNER, IS OUT TO THE WRESTLING MATCH.

COME ON, GOLDEN ARROW!
HEY NOBODY KIN DO THIS TO ME!
NO? JUST WATCH.
OOMPH!
GOLDEN ARROW THROWS HIS OPPONENT RIGHT AT THE GOVERNOR —
—AND KNOCKS THE GOVERNOR OUT OF THE PATH OF THE FATAL HATCHET.
WOW!
HOPE I DION'T HURT YOU MR. GOVERNOR. THERE WASN'T ANY-THING ELSE TO THROW.
I'LL ADMIT I'M SHAKEN, BUT MY HEAD'S STILL IN ONE PIECE.
THE SHERIFF CAUGHT THE INDIAN, YOUR HONOR.

THE GREAT SPIRIT OF TOTEM POLE TELL ME TO KILLUM WHITE CHIEF!


LET'S STRING UP THE RED-SKIN MURDERER RIGHT NOW
YEAH! LET'S HANG THE COYOTE!
NO! NO!

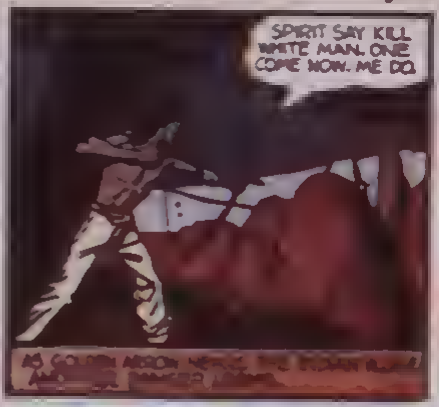

NOT SO FAST, MISTER. THIS IS A CASE FOR THE LAW COURTS.


SORRY I HAD TO GET TOUGH, BUT THE INDIANS WILL NEVER LEARN TO RESPECT WHITE MANS LAW IF THE WHITE MEN DON'T RESPECT IT.
YOU'RE RIGHT, MY BOY.

I'M NOT FINISHED YET- I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, MR. GOLDEN ARROW.

LATER
I'LL VISIT THE CHIEF OF THIS INDIANS TRIBE AND FIND OUT ABOUT THIS "EVIL SPIRIT OF TOTEM POLE" SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE BREWING.

HIT AND WILL HE? I'LL BET HIM!
HUH. WHITE WIND.

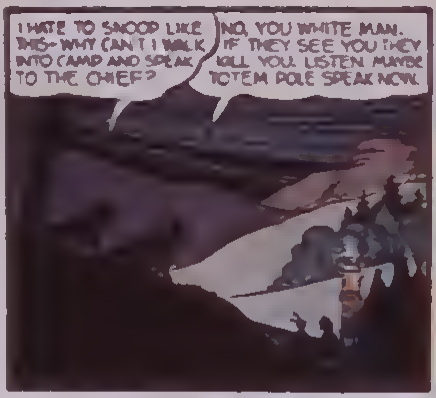

SPIRIT SAY KILL WHITE MAN. ONE COME NOW. ME DO.

LUCKY THESE INDIANS ARE MY FRIENDS. OR IT MIGHT BE WORTH MY SCALP TO ENTER THEIR CAMP RIGHT NOW.

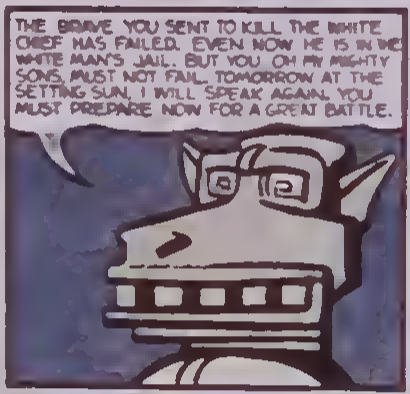
MUST BE WRONG— THEY'RE ANDY MY FRIENDS.
THE TWANG OF THE BOW CATCHES GOLDEN ARROW'S KEEN EAR—

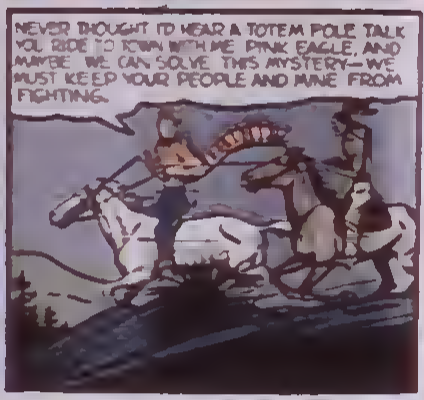
—AND HE SHOOTS ONE OF HIS GOLDEN SHAFTS TO MEET THE DEADLY MISSILE.

FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW! I NOT KNOW YOU! GREAT SPIRIT TELL US TO KILL ALL WHITE MEN.
PINK EAGLE. I'M SURPRISED AT YOU. BUT TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS GREAT SPIRIT.


I HATE TO SNOOP LIKE THIS- WHY CAN'T I WALK INTO CAMP AND SPEAK TO THE CHIEF?
NO, YOU WHITE MAN. IF THEY SEE YOU THEY KILL YOU. LISTEN. MAYBE TOTEM POLE SPEAK NOW.

OH GREAT SPIRIT OF THE TALKING TOTEM POLE. BRING TO US YOUR CHILDREN ANOTHER MESSAGE. WE WILL OBEY YOU.

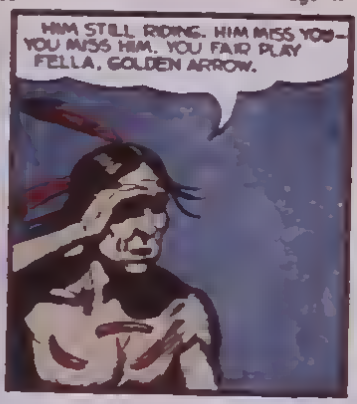

THE BRAVE YOU SENT TO KILL THE WHITE CHIEF HAS FAILED. EVEN NOW HE IS IN THE WHITE MAN'S JAIL. BUT YOU OH MY MIGHTY SONS, MUST NOT FAIL. TOMORROW AT THE SETTING SUN, I WILL SPEAK AGAIN. YOU MUST PREPARE NOW FOR A GREAT BATTLE.

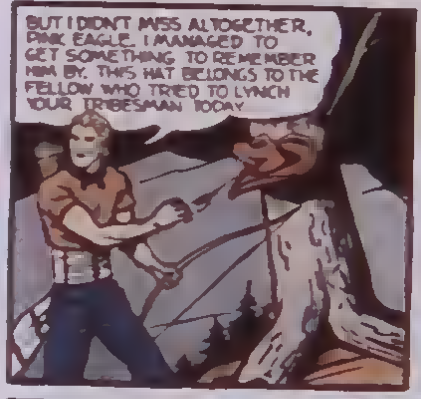

NEVER THOUGHT TO HEAR A TOTEM POLE TALK. YOU RIDE TO TOWN WITH ME PINK EAGLE, AND MAYBE WE CAN SOLVE THIS MYSTERY—WE MUST KEEP YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE FROM FIGHTING.

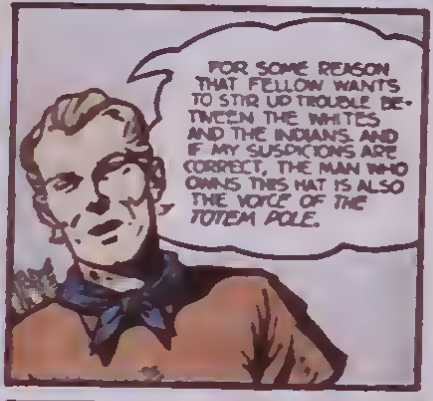
A SHOT RINGS OUT
BANG

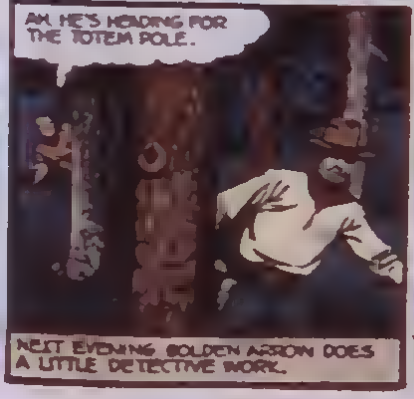
WHEW—NOW THE TOTEM POLE MUST BE SHOOTING AT ME!

I SUPPOSE IT'S SILLY TO WASTE GOOD ARROWS ON A SPIRIT, EH, PINK EAGLE?
HIM SHOOT YOU - YOU SHOOT HIM.


HIM STILL RIDING. HIM MISS YOU - YOU MISS HIM. YOU FAIR PLAY FELLA, GOLDEN ARROW.


BUT I DIDN'T MISS ALTOGETHER, PINK EAGLE. I MANAGED TO GET SOMETHING TO REMEMBER HIM BY. THIS HAT BELONGS TO THE FELLOW WHO TRIED TO LYNCH YOUR TRIBESMAN TODAY.


FOR SOME REASON THAT FELLOW WANTS TO STIR UP TROUBLE BETWEEN THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS. AND IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT, THE MAN WHO OWNS THIS HAT IS ALSO THE VOICE OF THE TOTEM POLE.


AH, HE'S HEADING FOR THE TOTEM POLE.
NEXT EVENING GOLDEN ARROW DOES A LITTLE DETECTIVE WORK.

LISTEN MY PEOPLE. I, THE GREAT SPIRIT, AM ABOUT TO GIVE YOU THE GREAT MESSAGE.
AT THE VILLAGE.

GATHER, MY PEOPLE AND LISTEN.
I MUST HAVE BEEN WRONG HE'S NOT SPEAKING-BUT THE TOTEM POLE IS!

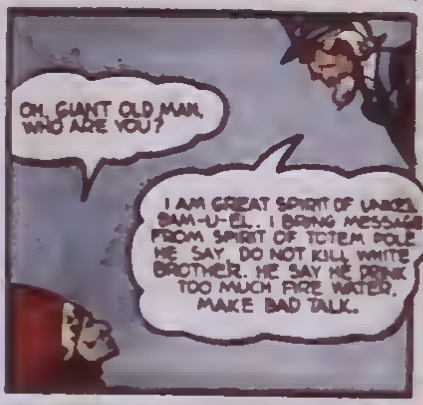
GO INTO THE TOWN NOW AND KILL ALL THE PALE FACES!

HUP WHITE WIND, WE MUST BEAT THOSE REDSKINS TO TOWN.

MAYBE I'D BETTER GO IN AND SEE THE VAUDEVILLE SHOW -WHEN THOSE INDIANS GET TO TOWN THEY'LL PROBABLY KILL VAUDEVILLE.
GOLDEN ARROW HALTS ARMYTLE

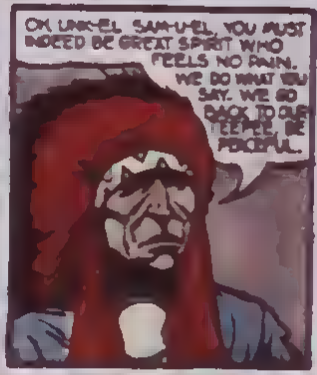
COME, MY PEOPLE. GREAT SPIRIT HAS COMMANDED US TO KILL!

HALT!


OH, GIANT OLD MAN. WHO ARE YOU?
I AM GREAT SPIRIT OF UNKEL SAM-U-EL. I BRING MESSAGE FROM SPIRIT OF TOTEM POLE. HE SAY, DO NOT KILL WHITE BROTHER. HE SAY HE DRINK TOO MUCH FIRE WATER. MAKE BAD TALK.

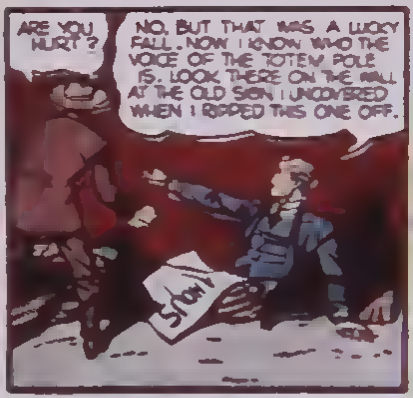
UNK-EL SAM-U-EL PALE-FACE. ME SHOOTUM.

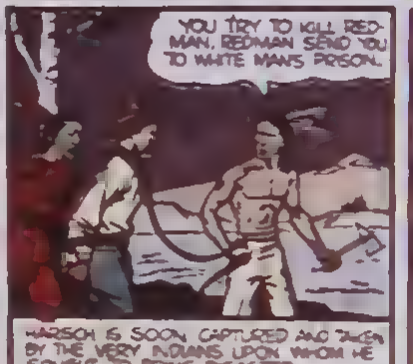
ARROW HIT-UM IN LEG!
BUT NOT HURTUM!
MUST BE TRULY GREAT SPIRIT!


OH, UNK-EL SAM-U-EL, YOU MUST INDEED BE GREAT SPIRIT WHO FEELS NO PAIN. WE DO WHAT YOU SAY. WE GO BACK TO OUR TEEPEE. BE PEACEFUL.

WELL, MR OPERA HOUSE MANAGER, YOUR UNCLE SAM UNIFORM JUST PREVENTED A MASSACRE. BUT WE'VE GOT TO SILENCE THE VOICE OF THE TOTEM POLE.
OPERA HOUSE

OPE
LOOK OUT!


ARE YOU HURT?
NO. BUT THAT WAS A LUCKY FALL. NOW I KNOW WHO THE VOICE OF THE TOTEM POLE IS. LOOK, THERE ON THE WALL AT THE OLD SIGN I UNCOVERED WHEN I RIPPED THIS ONE OFF.
SIGN!



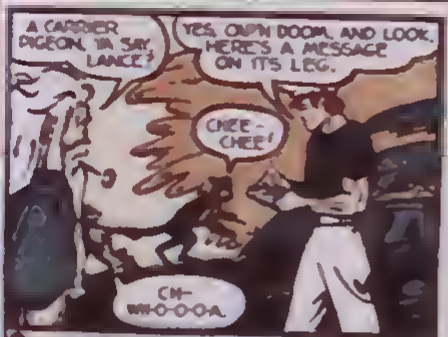
HARSCH IS SOON CAPTURED AND TAKEN BY THE VERY INDIANS UPON WHOM HE SOUGHT TO BRING DISASTER.

WHEN ARRESTED, THE VENTRILOQUIST CONFESSED HE PLANNED TO START A WAR BETWEEN THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES THEN IN THE CONFUSION HE'D LOOT THE TOWN HIMSELF. FORTUNATELY, HE WAS THWARTED BY— GOLDEN ARROW.

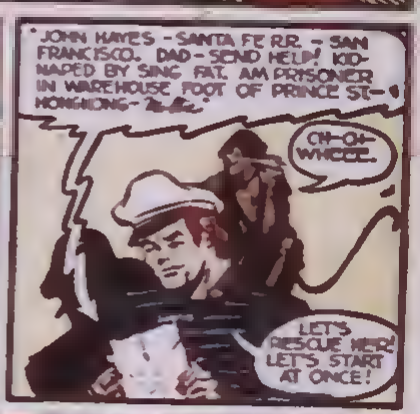
IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
YES, MASTER COMICS IS GREATER THAN EVER!
FEATURING • • • MIGHTY BULLETMAN · BUCK JONES · DEVIL'S DAGGER · ZORO AND MANY OTHER STAR SMASHES!
10c MASTER COMICS 10c

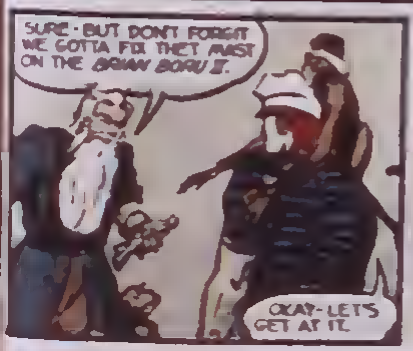
LANCE O'CASEY

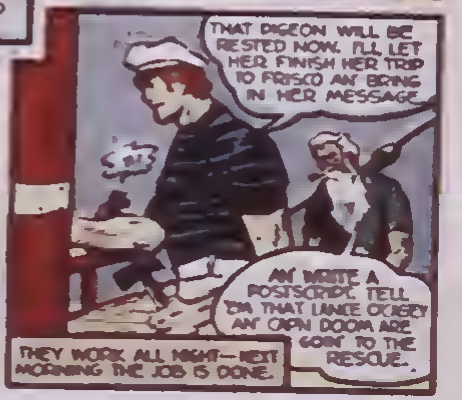
FROM HIS HOME PORT OF MALOANA IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, LANCE O'CASEY, SWASHBUCKLING SAILOR OF FORTUNE, AND MISTER HOGAN, HIS FIRST MATE, SAIL FORTH IN THEIR SCHOONER, THE *BRIAN BORU II* IN QUEST OF HIGH ADVENTURE.

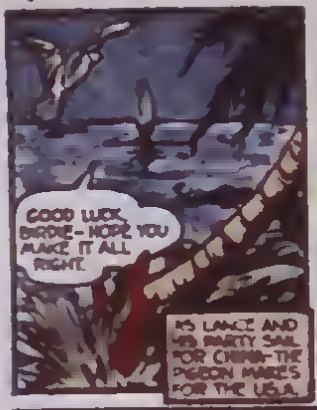


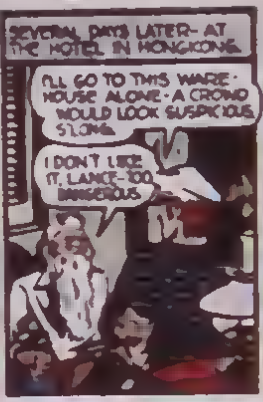
ONE DAY, IN FRONT OF HIS HOME ON MALOANA ISLAND, LANCE O'CASEY—ADVENTUROUS SAILOR OF THE SOUTH SEAS—FINDS AN EXHAUSTED CARRIER PIGEON, BATTERED TO EARTH BY A STORM. CAPN DOOM AND MISTER HOGAN AND HIS NEW-FOUND LADY FRIEND, MABEL—ARE INTERESTED TOO.


"JOHN HAYES - SANTA FE R.R. - SAN FRANCISCO. DAD - SEND HELP! KIDNAPED BY SING FAT. AM PRISONER IN WAREHOUSE FOOT OF PRINCE ST— HONGKONG - Bobbie"
OH-OH-WHEEE.
LET'S RESCUE HER! LET'S START AT ONCE!




THAT PIGEON WILL BE RESTED NOW. I'LL LET HER FINISH HER TRIP TO FRISCO AN' BRING IN HER MESSAGE.
AN' WRITE A POSTSCRIPT. TELL 'EM THAT LANCE O'CASEY AN' CAPN DOOM ARE GOIN' TO THE RESCUE.
THEY WORK ALL NIGHT—NEXT MORNING THE JOB IS DONE.

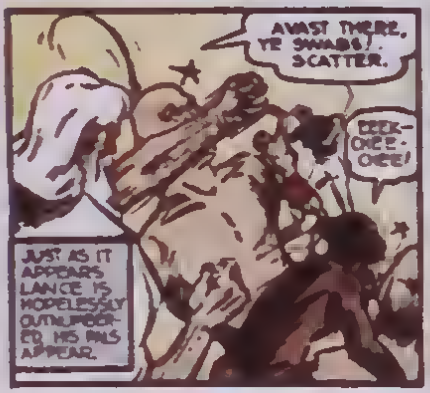

GOOD LUCK, BIRDIE - HOPE YOU MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.
AS LANCE AND HIS PARTY SAIL FOR CHINA - THE PIGEON MAKES FOR THE U.S.A.

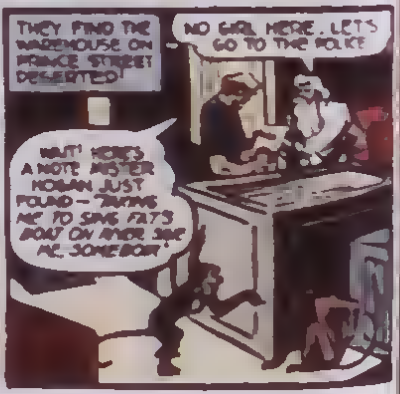

SEVERAL DAYS LATER - AT THE HOTEL IN HONGKONG.
I'LL GO TO THIS WARE-HOUSE ALONE - A CROWD WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS, SLONG.
I DON'T LIKE IT, LANCE - TOO DANGEROUS.

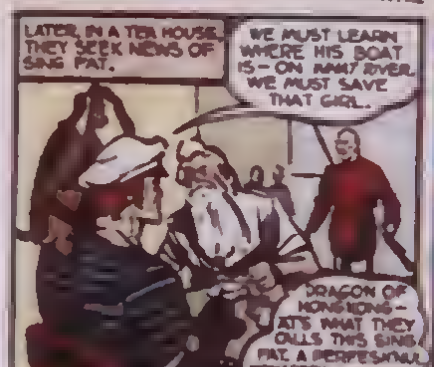
DANGER LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF PRINCE ST. SUDDENLY LANCE HEARS A NOISE AND WHIRLS!

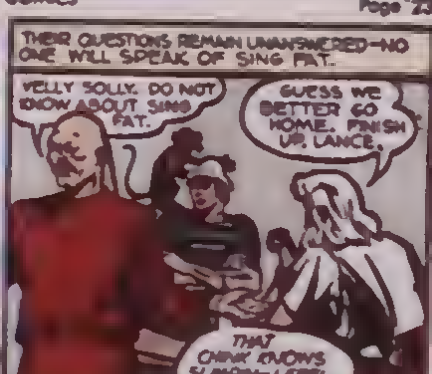
SNEAK UP ON ME, WILL YA!
HIE-HIE-HIE - YA YA!
LANCE O'CASEY TURNS TO MEET THE WOLVES OF PRINCE STREET!

STAND BACK - GIVME ROOM!
YA-YA!
HIE!

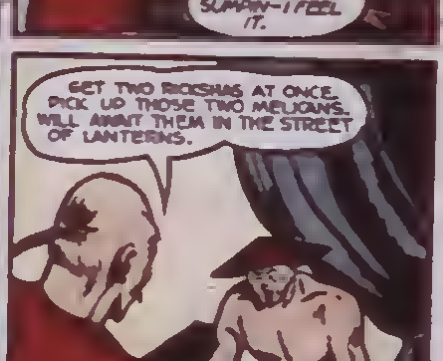

AVAST THERE, YE SWABS! SCATTER.
EEEK-EEE-EEE!
JUST AS IT APPEARS LANCE IS HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED HIS PALS APPEAR.

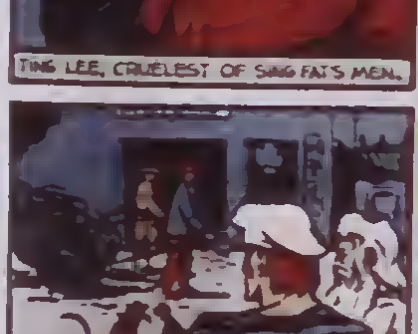

THEY FIND THE WAREHOUSE ON PRINCE STREET DESERTED!
NO GAL HERE. LETS GO TO THE POLICE
WAIT! HERE'S A NOTE. SISTER NORMAN JUST FOUND - TRYING ME TO SING FATS BOAT ON INNER SIDE ME. SOMEBODY

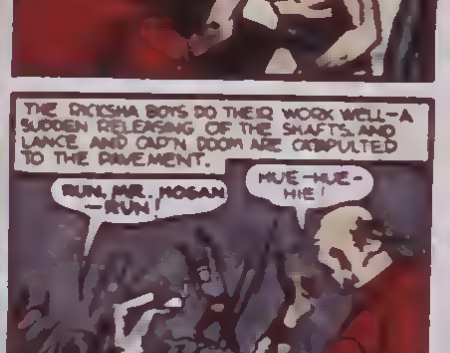

LATER, IN A TEA HOUSE, THEY SEEK NEWS OF SING FAT.
WE MUST LEARN WHERE HIS BOAT IS - ON WHAT RIVER. WE MUST SAVE THAT GIRL.
DRAGON OF HONG KONG - AT'S WHAT THEY CALLS THIS SING FAT. A PERPESAYNUL KIDNAPER!


THEIR QUESTIONS REMAIN UNANSWERED—NO ONE WILL SPEAK OF SING FAT.
VELLY SOLLY. DO NOT KNOW ABOUT SING FAT.
GUESS WE BETTER GO HOME. FINISH UP, LANCE.
THAT CHINK KNOWS SUMPIN—I FEEL IT.

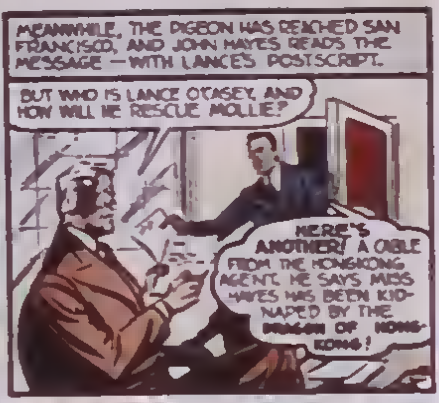
THEY LOOK FOR SING FAT, EH? HMM! MELICAN DOGS KNOW TOO MUCH MEBBY. HO CHANG!
TING LEE, CRUELEST OF SING FAT'S MEN.

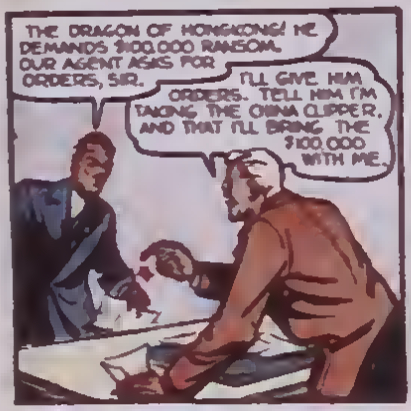

GET TWO RICKSHAS AT ONCE. PICK UP THOSE TWO MELICANS. WILL AWAIT THEM IN THE STREET OF LANTERNS.

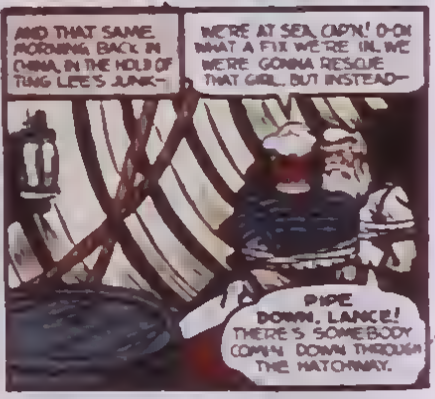

CAN'T DO ANYTHING TONIGHT ANYWAYS. HEY, RICKSHA BOYS!


THE RICKSHA BOYS DO THEIR WORK WELL—A SUDDEN RELEASING OF THE SHAFTS, AND LANCE AND CAPTN DOOM ARE CATAPULTED TO THE PAVEMENT.
RUN, MR. MORGAN —RUN!
MUE-HUE-HIE!

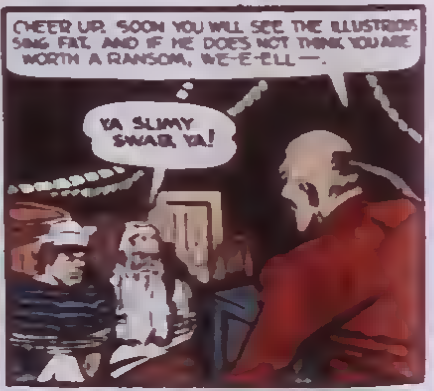
YA-A-AG, VELLY SOON YOU SHALL SEE SING FAT!
CRASH!
BEFORE THE STUNNED LANCE CAN PROTECT HIMSELF — — —

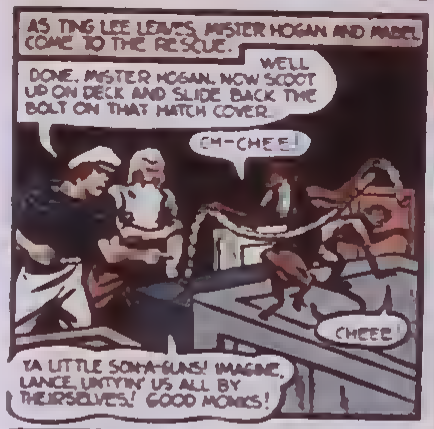

MEANWHILE, THE PIGEON HAS REACHED SAN FRANCISCO, AND JOHN HAYES READS THE MESSAGE — WITH LANCE'S POSTSCRIPT.
BUT WHO IS LANCE O'CASEY, AND HOW WILL HE RESCUE MOLLIE?
HERE'S ANOTHER! A CABLE FROM THE HONGKONG AGENT. HE SAYS MISS HAYES HAS BEEN KIDNAPED BY THE DRAGON OF HONGKONG!

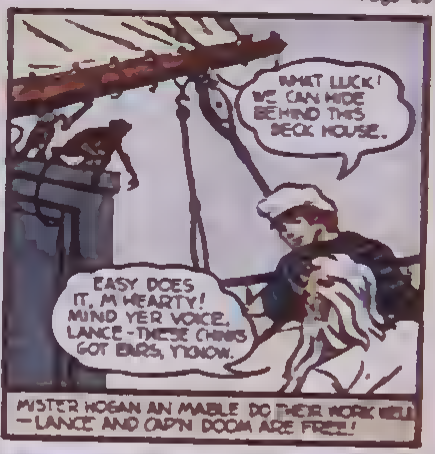

THE DRAGON OF HONGKONG! HE DEMANDS $100,000 RANSOM. OUR AGENT ASKS FOR ORDERS, SIR.
I'LL GIVE HIM ORDERS. TELL HIM I'M TAKING THE CHINA CLIPPER, AND THAT I'LL BRING THE $100,000 WITH ME.

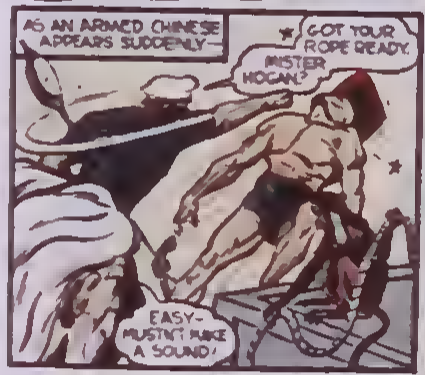

AND THAT SAME MORNING, BACK IN CHINA, IN THE HOLD OF TUNG LEE'S JUNK—
WE'RE AT SEA, CAPT'N! O-OH WHAT A FIX WE'RE IN. WE WERE GONNA RESCUE THAT GIRL, BUT INSTEAD—
PIPE DOWN, LANCE! THERE'S SOMEBODY COMIN' DOWN THROUGH THE HATCHWAY.

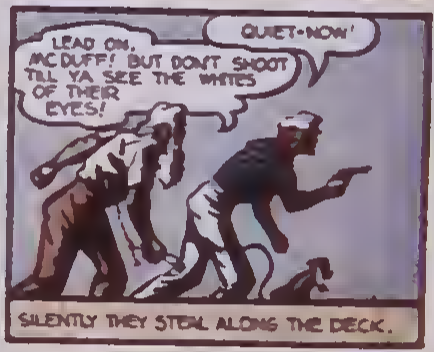
GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN— BREAKFAST IS SERVED.
EF I CUD GIT LOOSE, I'D SERVE YA MORE'N BREAKFAST, M'LAD!

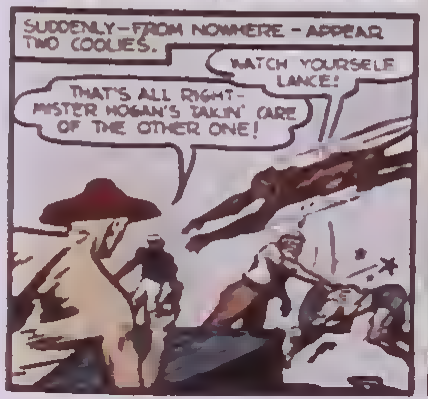

CHEER UP. SOON YOU WILL SEE THE ILLUSTRIOUS SING FAT, AND IF HE DOES NOT THINK YOU ARE WORTH A RANSOM, WE-E-ELL—.
YA SLIMY SWAB, YA!


AS TING LEE LEAPS, MISTER HOGAN AND MABEL COME TO THE RESCUE.
WELL DONE, MISTER HOGAN. NOW SCOOT UP ON DECK AND SLIDE BACK THE BOLT ON THAT HATCH COVER.
CH-CHEE!
CHEEE!
YA LITTLE SONA-GUNS! IMAGINE, LANCE, UNTYIN' US ALL BY THEIRSELVES! GOOD MONKS!


WHAT LUCK! WE CAN HIDE BEHIND THIS DECK HOUSE.
EASY DOES IT, M'HEARTY! MIND YER VOICE, LANCE - THESE CHINKS GOT EARS, Y'KNOW.
MISTER HOGAN AN' MABLE DO THEIR WORK WELL —LANCE AND CAPT'N DOOM ARE FREE!

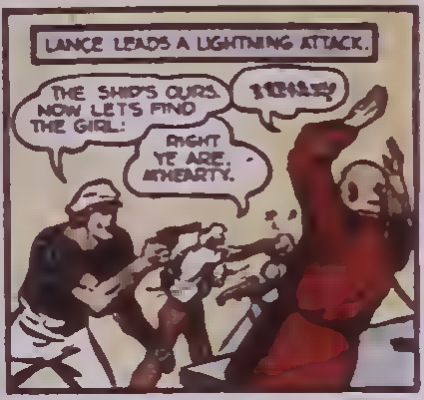

AS AN ARMED CHINESE APPEARS SUDDENLY—
GOT YOUR ROPE READY, MISTER HOGAN?
EASY— MUSTN'T MAKE A SOUND!

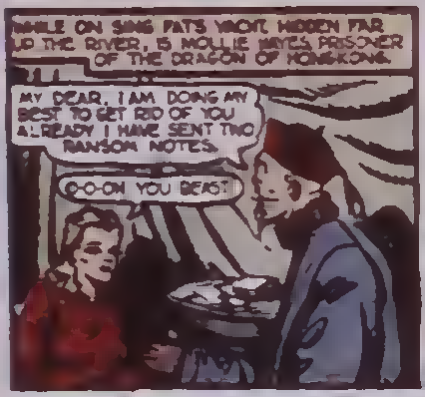

QUIET-NOW!
LEAD ON, MCDUFF! BUT DON'T SHOOT TILL YA SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!
SILENTLY THEY STEAL ALONG THE DECK.


SUDDENLY—FROM NOWHERE - APPEAR TWO COOLIES.
WATCH YOURSELF LANCE!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT— MISTER HOGAN'S TAKIN' CARE OF THE OTHER ONE!

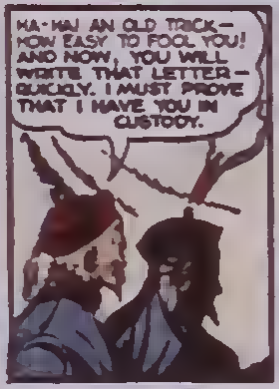
OKAY-OKAY— HE'S FINISHED!
CH-CHEEE-GRRRR-R!

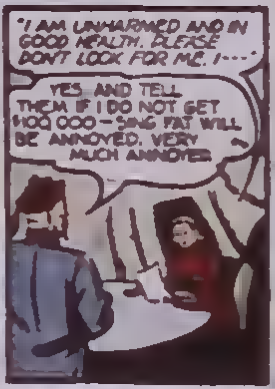
THERE'S TING LEE WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!
LET'S RUSH 'EM, CADYU! WE'LL SURPRISE 'EM!

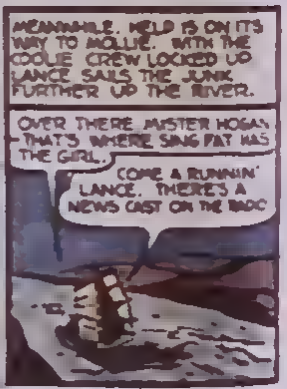

LANCE LEADS A LIGHTNING ATTACK.
THE SHIP'S OURS. NOW LET'S FIND THE GIRL!
RIGHT YE ARE, MYHEARTY.

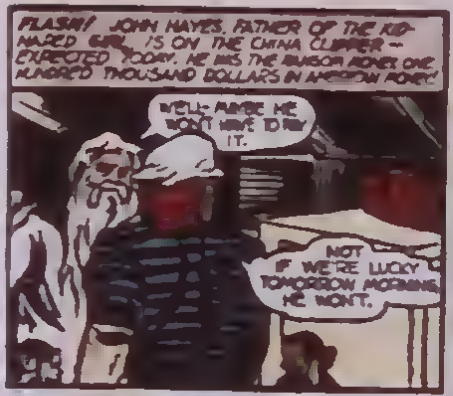

WHILE ON SING FAT'S YACHT, HIDDEN FAR UP THE RIVER, IS MOLLIE MAYES, PRISONER OF THE DRAGON OF HONGKONG.
MY DEAR, I AM DOING MY BEST TO GET RID OF YOU ALREADY I HAVE SENT TWO RANSOM NOTES.
O-O-OH YOU BEAST!

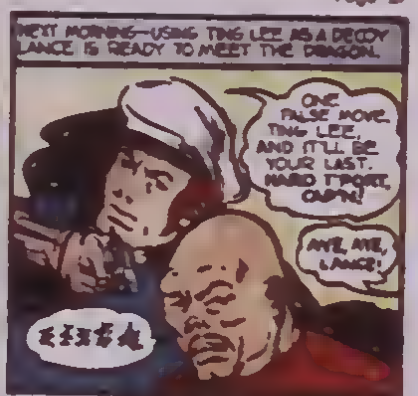
SUDDENLY MOLLIE SNATCHES UP A GUN.
NOW - YOU'LL DO AS I SAY!
HA-HA! DO NOT BOTHER TO PULL THE TRIGGER! THAT REVOLVER IS NOT LOADED. GIVE IT TO ME.

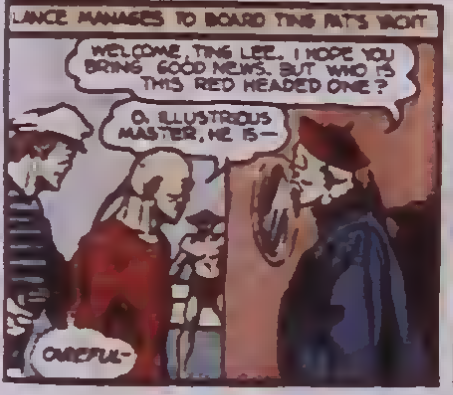

HA-HA! AN OLD TRICK - HOW EASY TO FOOL YOU! AND NOW, YOU WILL WRITE THAT LETTER - QUICKLY. I MUST PROVE THAT I HAVE YOU IN CUSTODY.

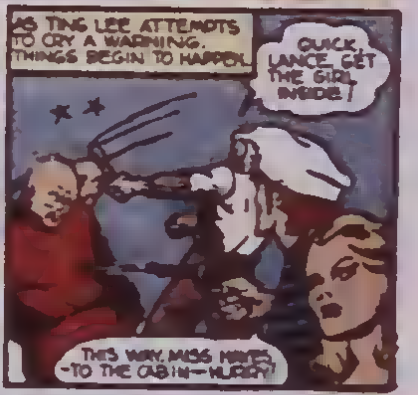

"I AM UNHARMED AND IN GOOD HEALTH. PLEASE DON'T LOOK FOR ME. I----"
YES, AND TELL THEM IF I DO NOT GET $100,000 - SING FAT WILL BE ANNOYED. VERY MUCH ANNOYED.

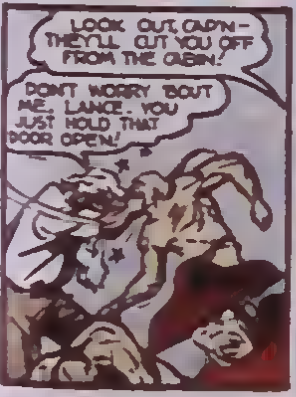

MEANWHILE, HELP IS ON IT'S WAY TO MOLLIE. WITH THE COOLIE CREW LOCKED UP LANCE SAILS THE JUNK FURTHER UP THE RIVER.
OVER THERE, MISTER HOGAN - THAT'S WHERE SING FAT HAS THE GIRL.
COME A RUNNIN' LANCE. THERE'S A NEWS CAST ON THE RADIO

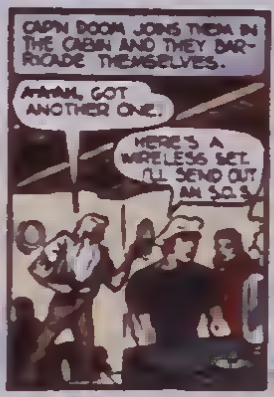

FLASH! JOHN HAYES, FATHER OF THE KIDNAPED GIRL, IS ON THE CHINA CLIPPER — EXPECTED TODAY. HE HAS THE RANSOM MONEY, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN AMERICAN MONEY!
WELL- AMBE HE WON'T HAVE TO PAY IT.
NOT IF WE'RE LUCKY TOMORROW MORNING, HE WON'T.


NEXT MORNING—USING TING LEE AS A DECOY LANCE IS READY TO MEET THE DRAGON.
ONE FALSE MOVE, TING LEE, AND IT'LL BE YOUR LAST. HAND IT OVER, CAPN!
AYE, AYE, LANCE!

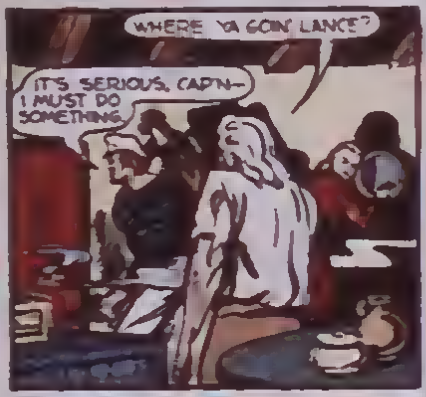

LANCE MANAGES TO BOARD TING FAT'S YACHT
WELCOME, TING LEE. I HOPE YOU BRING GOOD NEWS. BUT WHO IS THIS RED HEADED ONE?
O, ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER, HE IS—
CAREFUL-


AS TING LEE ATTEMPTS TO CRY A WARNING, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN.
QUICK, LANCE, GET THE GIRL INSIDE!
THIS WAY, MISS HAYES -TO THE CABIN—HURRY!


LOOK OUT, CAPN- THEY'LL CUT YOU OFF FROM THE CABIN!
DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME, LANCE. YOU JUST HOLD THAT DOOR OPEN!

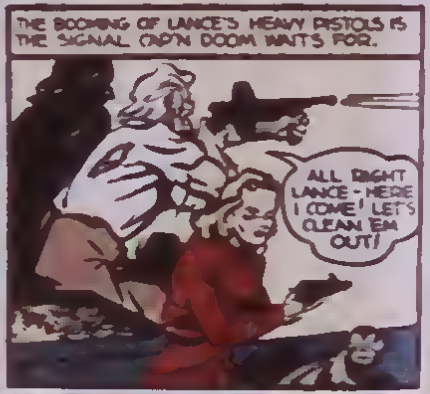

CAPN BOOM JOINS THEM IN THE CABIN AND THEY BARRICADE THEMSELVES.
AHAAH, GOT ANOTHER ONE.
HERE'S A WIRELESS SET. I'LL SEND OUT AN S.O.S.

BUT SING FAT ANSWERS THAT CALL!
AND SO AS THEY SAY IN AMERICA- TIME'S UP!

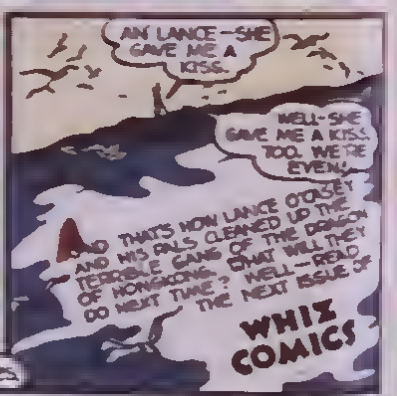

WHERE YA GOIN' LANCE?
IT'S SERIOUS, CAP'N— I MUST DO SOMETHING

BE CAREFUL, MISTER O'CASEY!
I'LL COVER YE AS BEST I CAN, LANCE.
QUIET, MISTER HOGAN.

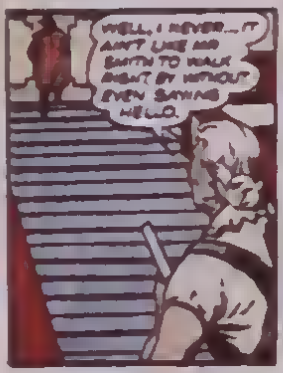
BEAT IT, MISTER HOGAN —THEY MIGHT HIT YOU!
ONCE ON DECK, LANCE, HIS GUNS BLAZING RUSHES HIS CAPTORS.


THE BOOMING OF LANCE'S HEAVY PISTOLS IS THE SIGNAL CAP'N DOOM WAITS FOR.
ALL RIGHT LANCE - HERE I COME! LET'S CLEAN 'EM OUT!

SOON A GOVERNMENT BOAT ARRIVES—BRINGING MR. JOHN HAYES. THE [illegible] IS WON.
I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE IT, MEN.
ME TOO!
THUS THE NAVY THAT DID THE TRICK. YA COME JUST IN TIME TO SAVE OUR HIDES.


AN LANCE—SHE GAVE ME A KISS.
WELL—SHE GAVE ME A KISS TOO. WE'RE EVEN!
AND THUS HOW LANCE O'CASEY AND HIS PALS CLEANED UP THE TERRIBLE GANG OF THE DRAGON OF HONGKONG. BUT WHAT WILL THEY DO NEXT TIME? WELL—READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF
WHIZ COMICS

SPY SMASHER
FIFTH COLUMNISTS, SPYING ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, LED BY THE MASK, HAVE SO FAR BEEN THWARTED IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO UNDERMINE OUR COUNTRY BY A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE KNOWN ONLY AS SPY SMASHER! BUT NOW THE MASK HAS DISCOVERED A SINISTER SECRET WEAPON -- WITH IT'S HELP WILL HE BE ABLE TO DEFEAT SPY SMASHER?
ROOM AND BOARD
HM


WELL, I NEVER...IT AIN'T LIKE MR SMITH TO WALK RIGHT BY WITHOUT EVEN SAYING HELLO.

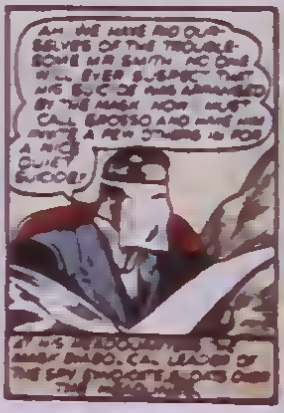
BANG!

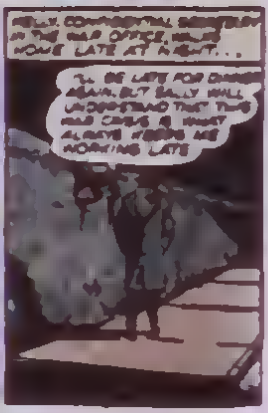
EEEEOOW

HELP! POLICE!

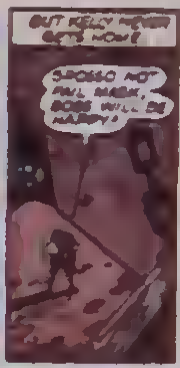
AN ANONYMOUS FIGURE LEAPS IN FROM THE STYGIAN BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT

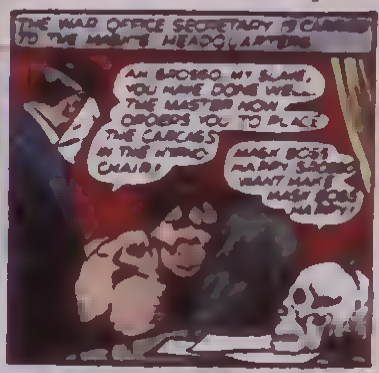
IT'S SMITH, SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR FOR THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE!

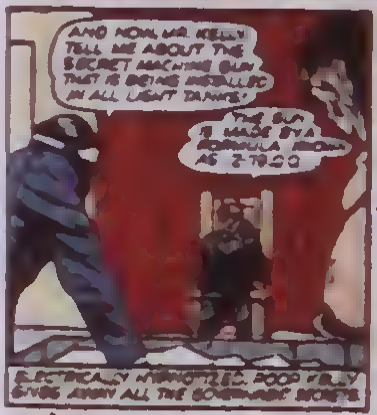

AH, WE HAVE RID OURSELVES OF THE TROUBLESOME MR SMITH. NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT HIS DEATH WAS ARRANGED BY THE MAN'S OWN WIFE! CALL BROSKO AND HAVE HIM PUT A FEW STRING TO FOR A NICE QUIET SUICIDE!

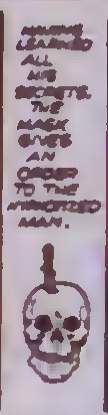

HELLO, CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY IN THE WAR OFFICE, WILL BE HOME LATE AT NIGHT...
I'LL BE LATE FOR DINNER AGAIN, BUT SALLY WILL UNDERSTAND THAT THIS WAR CRISIS IS WHAT ALWAYS KEEPS ME WORKING LATE

WHAT...AAA...

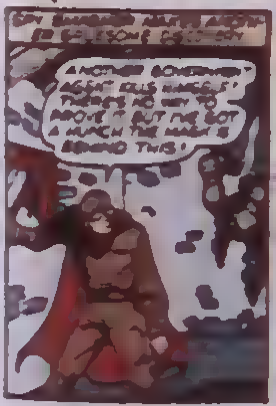

BUT KELLY NEVER GETS HOME!
SHOULD NOT FAIL MASK, BOSS WILL BE HAPPY!

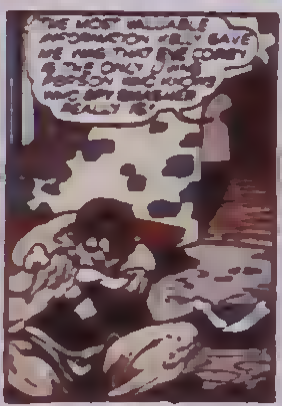

THE WAR OFFICE SECRETARY IS CLOSELY TO THE MASK'S HEADQUARTERS
AH BROSKO MY SLAVE, YOU HAVE DONE WELL. THE MASTER NOW ORDERS YOU TO PLACE THE CARCASS IN THE HYPNO CHAIR!
MASK BOSS HAPPY BROSKO WANT HAVE MASK BOSS HAPPY!!

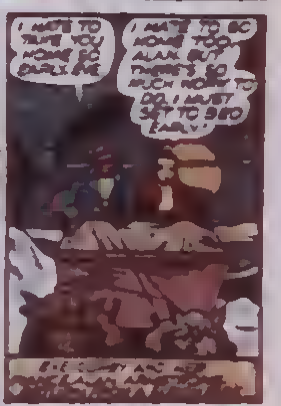

AND NOW MR. KELLY TELL ME ABOUT THE SECRET MACHINE GUN THAT IS BEING INSTALLED IN ALL LIGHT TANKS!
THE BUT IT MADE BY A FORMULA KNOWN AS Z-7900
ELECTRICALLY HYPNOTIZED, POOR KELLY GIVES AWAY ALL THE GOVERNMENT SECRETS.


HAVING LEARNED ALL HIS SECRETS, THE MASK GIVES AN ORDER TO THE HYPNOTIZED MAN.

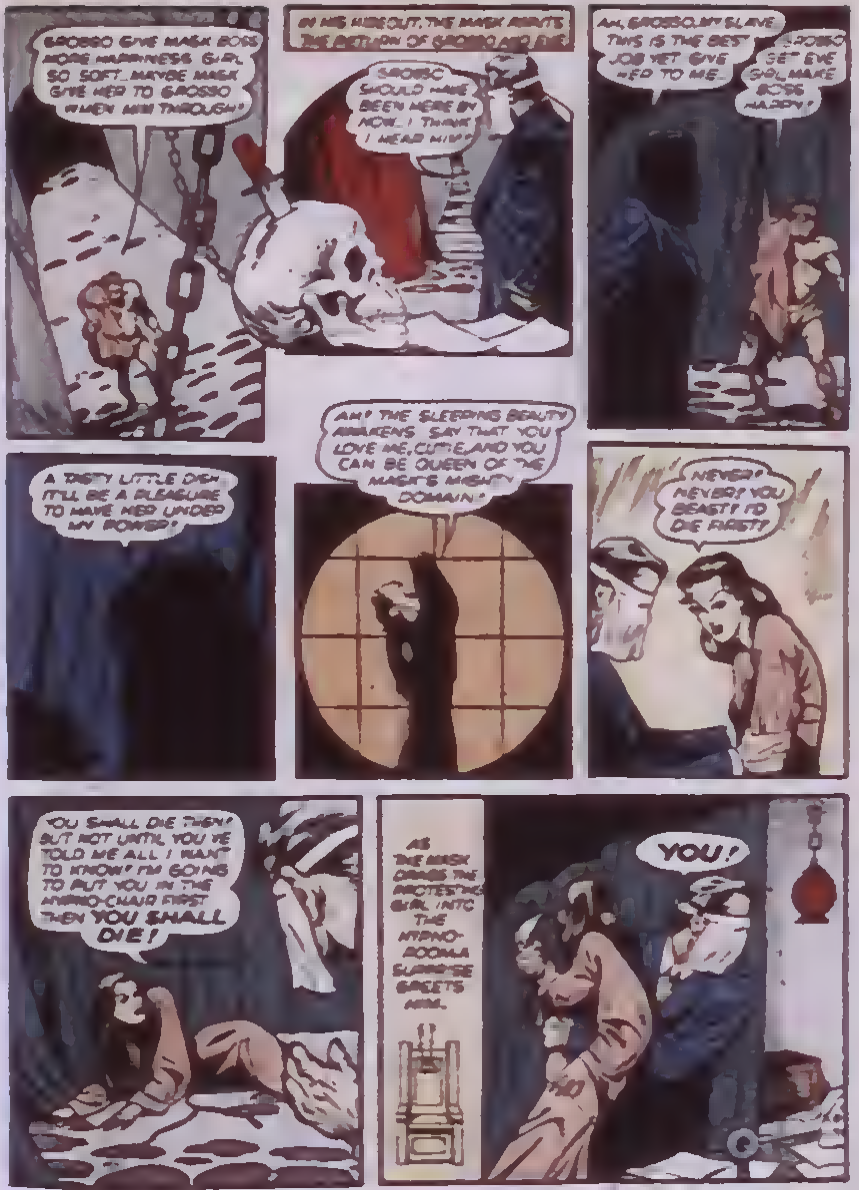
YOU HAVE SERVED MY PURPOSE, KELLY. NOW GO HOME AND HANG YOURSELF!


SPY SHOOTER MEETS ANOTHER ED GLEASON DEFEAT!
ANOTHER BOMBSHELL AGAIN! GOLLY WHIZZ! THERE'S NO WAY TO MOVE IT BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE MASK'S BEHIND THIS!


THE MOST VALUABLE INFORMATION KELLY GAVE ME WAS THAT HE COULDN'T & THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS WHO SPY SHOOTER REALLY IS.

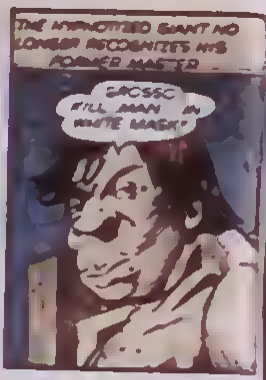

I HATE TO TRUST YOU HOME SO EARLY, EVE
I HATE TO BE ALONE BUT THERE'S SO MUCH MORE TO DO, I MUST SET TO BED EARLY!
EVERYBODY ASLEEP

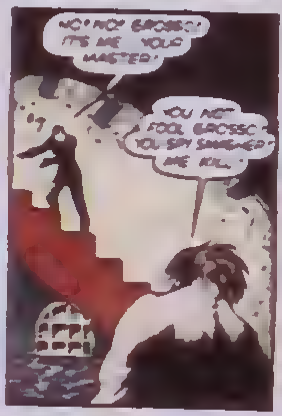
ARRIVING HOME, EVE PREPARES TO RETIRE.
GOOD NIGHT, DADDY.
GOOD NIGHT, DEAR.
CHANGING TO HER NEGLIGEE, EVE COMES IS UNAWARE OF THE DANGER AHEAD AS SHE MOUNTS THE STAIRS TO HER ROOM.
DON'T SIT UP TOO LATE, DADDY. YOU MUST GET YOUR BEAUTY SLEEP!
EVE IS SOON SOUND ASLEEP UNCONSCIOUS OF THE GIANT FIGURE CREEPING TOWARDS HER...
LIKE A JUNGLE CAT, THE EERIE FIGURE LEAPS TO THE GROUND BELOW AND WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS EVE IN HIS ARMS, DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.

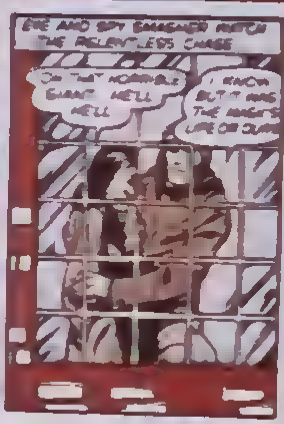

GROSSO GIVE MASK BOSS MORE HAPPINESS GIRL SO SOFT... MAYBE MASK GIVE HER TO GROSSO WHEN HIM THROUGH?
IN HIS HIDE-OUT, THE MASK AWAITS THE RETURN OF GROSSO AND FIFI
GROSSO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW... I THINK I HEAR HIM!
AH, GROSSO, MY SLAVE. THIS IS THE BEST JOB YET GIVE HER TO ME.
GROSSO GET EVE GIRL, MAKE BOSS HAPPY!
A TASTY LITTLE DISH. IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO HAVE HER UNDER MY POWER!
AH! THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AWAKENS. SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME, CUTIE, AND YOU CAN BE QUEEN OF THE MAGI'S MIGHTY DOMAIN!
NEVER! NEVER! YOU BEAST! I'D DIE FIRST!
YOU SHALL DIE THEN! BUT NOT UNTIL YOU'VE TOLD ME ALL I WANT TO KNOW! I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN THE HYPNO-CHAIR FIRST THEN YOU SHALL DIE!
AS THE MASK DRAGS THE PROTESTING GIRL INTO THE HYPNO-ROOMA SURPRISE GREETS HIM.
YOU!

SPY SMASHER
OH, MARK, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK IF ONLY YOU'LL LET THAT MAN GO!
I'LL LET HIM GO ALL RIGHT BUT NOT UNTIL HE HAD A LITTLE SESSION IN THE HYPNO CHAIR. THIS IS INDEED A PLEASANT SURPRISE, GROSSO HAS DONE HIS WORK WELL!
THEY ARE IN VAULT "E" OF THE NATIONAL RESERVE BANK
THE MASK QUIZZES SPY SMASHER THE SAME AS HE WANTS SECRETS FROM THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS.
NOW, ANOTHER QUESTION, MR SPY SMASHER WHERE ARE THE SECRET PLANS FOR MAKING THE HYPNO GUNS?
AND JUST ONE MORE QUESTION MR SPY SMASHER WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?
MY REAL NAME IS...
RUMPELSTILSKIN! AND NOW YOUR NAME IS SO HE TO BE MUD!
SPOOKO! HELP!
PLEASANT SURPRISE EH? YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THAT I DISCONNECTED THE WIRE BEFORE SITTING IN YOUR DEVILISH HYPNO CHAIR!

AND THIS IS FOR YOUR CUTE LITTLE ARMBAR! HOW CAN A GUY WITH FEET LIKE YOURS SNEAK UP ON ANYBODY?
AS SPOOBS TOPPLES INTO THE NYANO-CHAIR, SPY SMASHER ACTS QUICKLY!
THIS MAY BE A TIGHT FIT, BUT IT WILL DO TILL THE SPOOKS STYLES ARRIVE! WE'LL JUST SEE HOW THIS NYANO-CHAIR WORKS ON A GIANT!
THROW THAT BASTARD, MARC CORDY!
BUT THE WILY ARMSLINGER FROM THE FLOOR GRABS THE KNIFE AND HURLS IT!
LOOSEO, MR. SPY SMASHER! I'LL SPY SMASHER NOW!
YES, WE DO. WHERE IS SPY SMASHER?





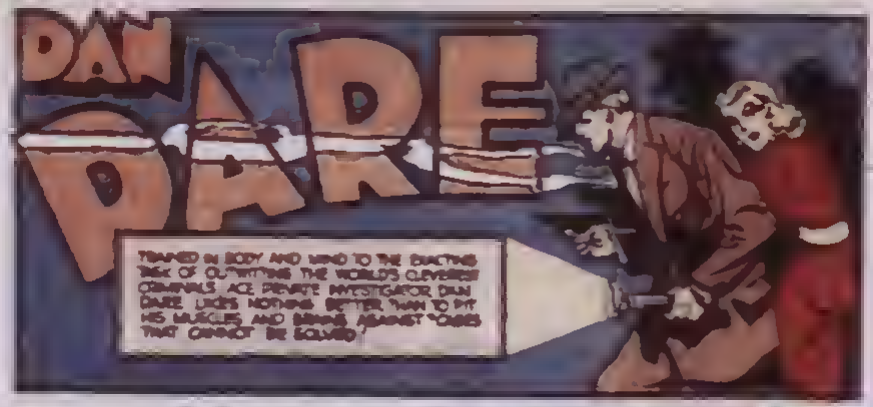


IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE MASK! BUT WHAT OF GROSSO? WHAT FRIGHTFUL CRIMES MAY BE COMMITTED BY THIS HYPNOTIZED GIANT IF HE REMAINS AT LARGE? CAN SPY SMASHER COPE WITH HIM?

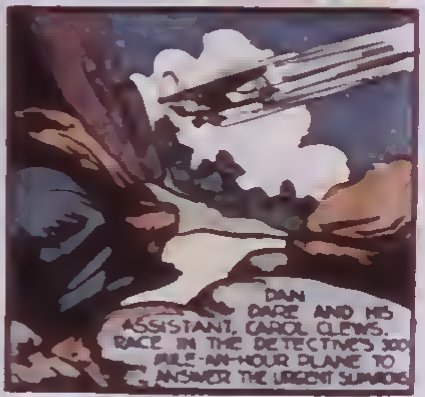
THE THRILLING ANSWER APPEARS IN NEXT MONTH'S

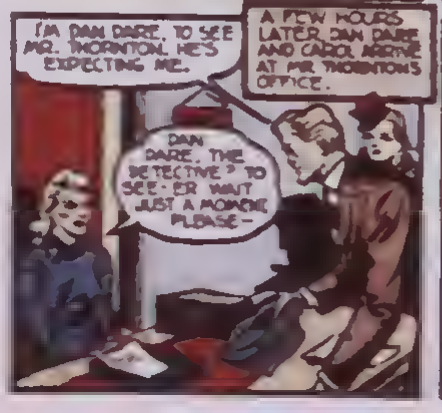
WHIZ COMICS

PLAY SQUARE
DRAW LINES FROM DOT TO NEAREST DOT TILL ALL SQUARES ARE COMPLETED NUMBER EACH LINE YOU MAKE WHICH DOES NOT CLOSE A SQUARE LINES THAT CLOSE SQUARES ARE FREE!
HA-HA ELMER, IF YOU CANT PLAY TENNIS THEN "PLAY SQUARE" WITH THE NET!!
ANYONE CAN ACT AS A LINESMAN IN THIS GAME!
OOPS!
GOSH, WHAT A SWELL RACKET THIS "PLAY SQUARE" PUZZLE IS!
THE NET RESULT OF YOUR SCORE SHOULD BE 12
HOW TO COUNT
SPY SMASHER SURE HAS SOMETHIN' "ON THE BALL" THIS MONTH, FELLERS!
THE RACKET GAME CAN BE WON IN 13 STROKES —

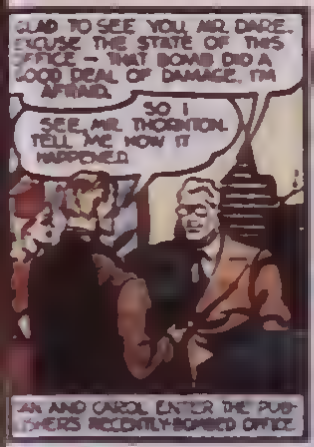

DAN DARE
TRAINED IN BODY AND MIND TO THE EXACTING TASK OF OUTWITTING THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST CRIMINALS, ACE PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR, DAN DARE, LIKES NOTHING BETTER THAN TO PIT HIS MUSCLES AND BRAINS AGAINST "CASES THAT CANNOT BE SOLVED."

TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
MY OFFICE BOMBED TODAY BY RACKETEERS WHO HAVE BEEN UNDER INVESTIGATION BY THIS NEWSPAPER. LEADER OF GANG UNKNOWN. AM IN GREAT DANGER. COME AT ONCE
T.L. THORNTON, PUBLISHER
CHICAGO DAILY CLARION

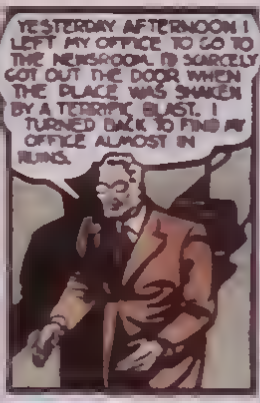

DAN DARE AND HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL CLEWS, RACE IN THE DETECTIVE'S 300 MILE-AN-HOUR PLANE TO ANSWER THE URGENT SUMMONS.

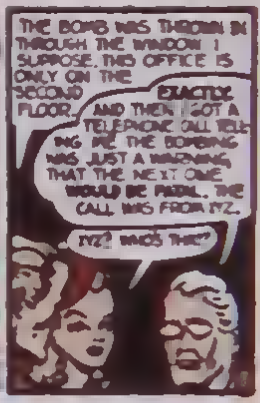

I'M DAN DARE. TO SEE MR. THORNTON. HE'S EXPECTING ME.
A FEW HOURS LATER, DAN DARE AND CAROL ARRIVE AT MR. THORNTON'S OFFICE.
DAN DARE, THE DETECTIVE? TO SEE-ER WAIT JUST A MOMENT PLEASE-

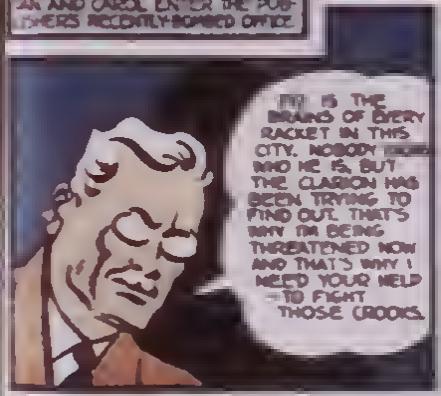
A MR. DAN DARE TO SEE YOU, MR. THORNTON. HE SAYS YOU ARE EXPECTING HIM.
GOOD! SEND HIM RIGHT IN, MISS HOLMES.


GLAD TO SEE YOU, MR. DARE. EXCUSE THE STATE OF THIS OFFICE — THAT BOMB DID A GOOD DEAL OF DAMAGE. I'M AFRAID.
SO I SEE, MR. THORNTON. TELL ME HOW IT HAPPENED.

DAN AND CAROL ENTER THE PUBLISHERS RECENTLY-BOMBED OFFICE.


YESTERDAY AFTERNOON I LEFT MY OFFICE TO GO TO THE NEWSROOM. I'D SCARCELY GOT OUT THE DOOR WHEN THE PLACE WAS SHAKEN BY A TERRIFIC BLAST. I TURNED BACK TO FIND MY OFFICE ALMOST IN RUINS.

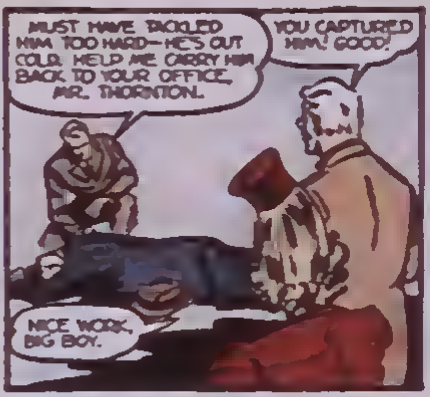

THE BOMB WAS THROWN IN THROUGH THE WINDOW I SUPPOSE. THIS OFFICE IS ONLY ON THE SECOND FLOOR.
EXACTLY. AND THEN I GOT A TELEPHONE CALL TELLING ME THE BOMBING WAS JUST A WARNING THAT THE NEXT ONE WOULD BE FATAL. THE CALL WAS FROM XYZ.
XYZ? WHO'S THAT?

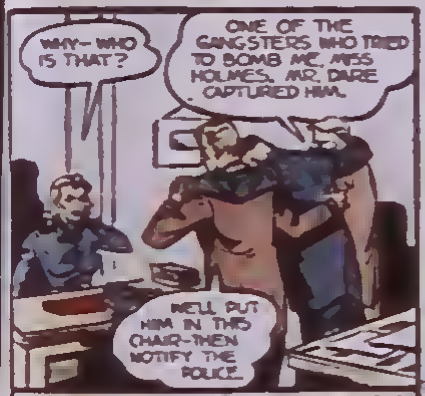

XYZ IS THE BRAND OF EVERY RACKET IN THIS CITY. NOBODY KNOWS WHO HE IS, BUT THE CLARION HAS BEEN TRYING TO FIND OUT. THAT'S WHY I'M BEING THREATENED NOW AND THAT'S WHY I NEED YOUR HELP — TO FIGHT THOSE CROOKS.

WITH LOVE AND KISSES! HA, HA!
A POWERFUL LIMOUSINE IN THE STREET BELOW SLOWS OMINOUSLY AS ONE OF ITS OCCUPANTS HURLS A DEADLY MISSILE TOWARD THE PUBLISHERS OFFICE WINDOW.

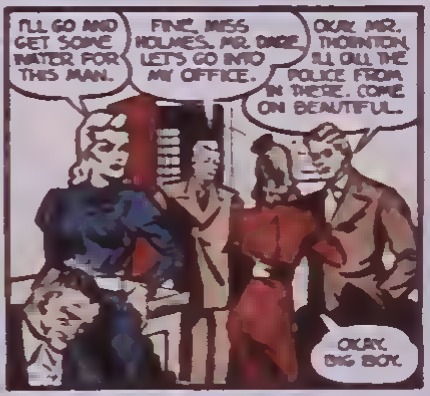
A BOMB! IT'S ANOTHER BOMB!
STAND BACK!
WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED THE DETECTIVE DRAWS HIS GUN AND SHOOTS.
THE BOMB, UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE DETECTIVE'S BULLET, EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN MIDAIR.
BOOM!
SWIFTLY, DAN DARE TURNS HIS FIRE ON THE DEATH-DEALING LIMOUSINE.
DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY TO LEAVE, BOYS!
A BLOWOUT! SHE'S OUTA CONTROL!
BANG!
WE GOTTA RUN FOR IT!
LET'S GET OUTA HERE!
A WELL DIRECTED BULLET PUNCTURES THE FRONT TIRE.
COME ON! THEIR CARS CRASHED— AFTER THEM!
OKAY, BIG BOY. COME ON MR. THORNTON!
RIGHT AFTER YOU!!
THERE GOES ONE OF THEM! I GUESS HE WANTS TO RACE.

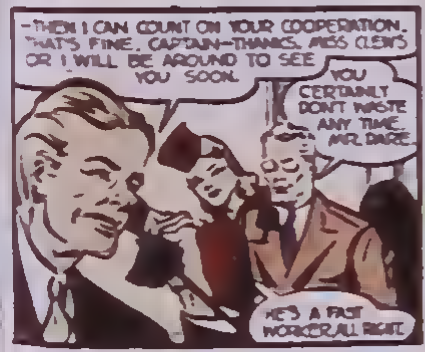
WITH A KNIFE-LIKE FLYING TACKLE THE DETECTIVE CUTS DOWN THE RUNNING GANGSTER.

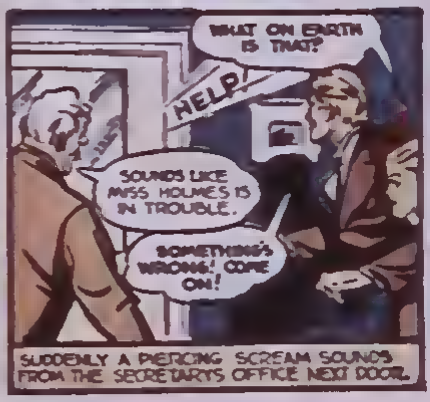

MUST HAVE TACKLED HIM TOO HARD—HE'S OUT COLD. HELP ME CARRY HIM BACK TO YOUR OFFICE, MR. THORNTON.
YOU CAPTURED HIM! GOOD!
NICE WORK, BIG BOY.


WHY—WHO IS THAT?
ONE OF THE GANGSTERS WHO TRIED TO BOMB ME, MISS HOLMES, MR. DARE CAPTURED HIM.
WE'LL PUT HIM IN THIS CHAIR—THEN NOTIFY THE POLICE.

THE CAPTURED GANGSTER, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, IS BROUGHT BACK TO MR. THORNTON'S OFFICE.

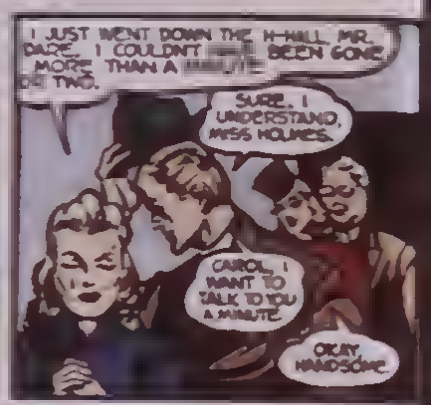

I'LL GO AND GET SOME WATER FOR THIS MAN.
FINE, MISS HOLMES, MR. DARE LET'S GO INTO MY OFFICE.
OKAY, MR. THORNTON. I'LL CALL THE POLICE FROM IN THERE. COME ON BEAUTIFUL.
OKAY, BIG BOY.


—THEN I CAN COUNT ON YOUR COOPERATION. THAT'S FINE, CAPTAIN—THANKS. MISS CLEWS OR I WILL BE AROUND TO SEE YOU SOON.
YOU CERTAINLY DON'T WASTE ANY TIME, MR. DARE.
HE'S A FAST WORKER, ALL RIGHT.

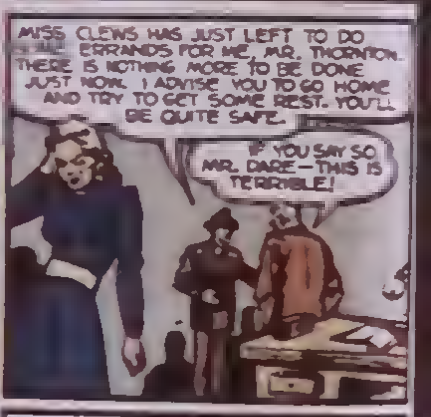


SUDDENLY A PIERCING SCREAM SOUNDS FROM THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE NEXT DOOR.

I-I JUST WENT OUT TO GET SOME WATER FOR HIM, AND WHEN I CAME BACK—
DEAD! HE'S BEEN STABBED!
WELL, XYZ CAN BE SURE THIS CROOK WON'T TALK.
RUSHING IN, THE DETECTIVE FINDS THAT HIS CAPTIVE HAS BEEN STABBED TO DEATH!

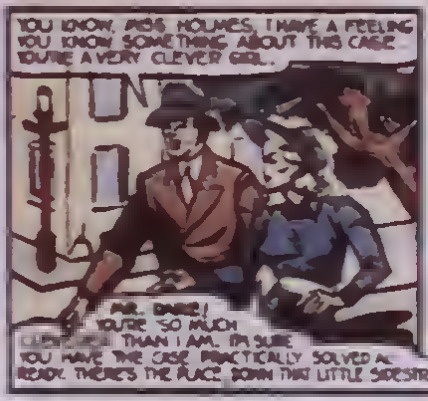

I JUST WENT DOWN THE H-HALL, MR. DARE. I COULDN'T BEEN GONE MORE THAN A MINUTE OR TWO.
SURE, I UNDERSTAND, MISS HOLMES.
CAROL, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU A MINUTE.
OKAY, HANDSOME

THE DETECTIVE OUTLINES HIS PLAN OF ATTACK ON THE MYSTERIOUS XYZ.
NOW, HAVE YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT? GET GOING, SWEETIE-PIE, AND NO SLIP-UPS.
I'M ON MY WAY NOW SHERLOCK

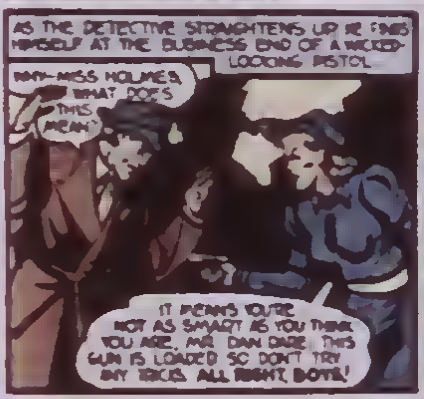

MISS CLEWS HAS JUST LEFT TO DO ERRANDS FOR ME, MR. THORNTON. THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO BE DONE JUST NOW. I ADVISE YOU TO GO HOME AND TRY TO GET SOME REST. YOU'LL BE QUITE SAFE.
IF YOU SAY SO MR. DARE—THIS IS TERRIBLE!

YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY TRYING DAY, TOO MISS HOLMES. I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.
OH THANK YOU, MR. DARE.

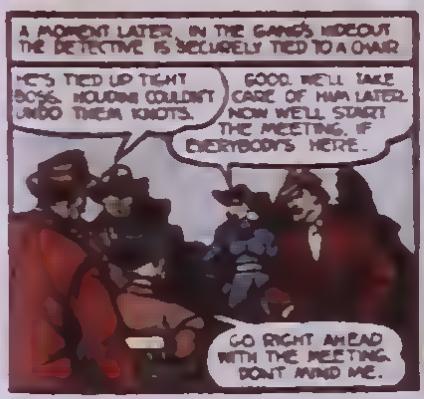
IF YOU'RE NOT IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO GET HOME, PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE DINNER WITH ME. WE CAN GO WHEREVER YOU LIKE.
CLARION
WAY, DAN, I'D LOVE THAT! AND I KNOW A PERFECTLY WONDERFUL LITTLE PLACE.

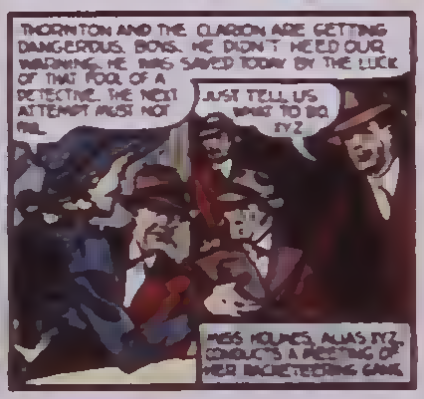

YOU KNOW, MISS HOLMES, I HAVE A FEELING YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE... YOU'RE A VERY CLEVER GIRL..
MR. DARE! YOU'RE SO MUCH [illegible] THAN I AM, I'M SURE. YOU HAVE THE CASE PRACTICALLY SOLVED ALREADY. THERE'S THE PLACE DOWN THAT LITTLE SIDESTREET.

AS THEY ENTER THE NARROW ALLEY — —
OH! MY HANDKERCHIEF— I'VE DROPPED IT!
HERE—I'LL PICK IT UP!


AS THE DETECTIVE STRAIGHTENS UP HE FINDS HIMSELF AT THE BUSINESS END OF A WICKED-LOOKING PISTOL
HMM—MISS HOLMES, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?
IT MEANS YOU'RE NOT AS SMART AS YOU THINK YOU ARE, MR. DAN DARE. THIS GUN IS LOADED SO DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS. ALL RIGHT, BOYS!

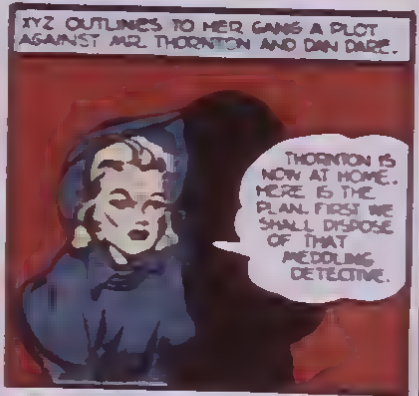
GRAB HIM, BOYS! TAKE HIM INSIDE AND TIE HIM UP.
COME ON, MR. WISE GUY!
DON'T SHOVE, BOYS. I'M REALLY SURPRISED AT YOU — MISS ZYZ HOLMES!

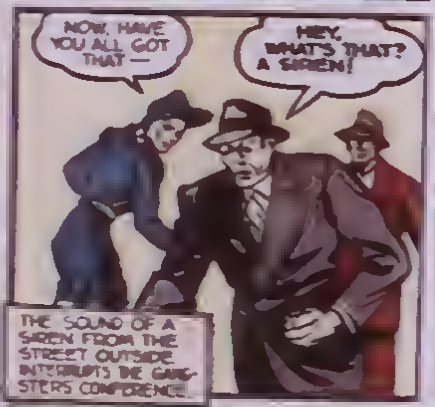

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE GANG'S HIDEOUT THE DETECTIVE IS SECURELY TIED TO A CHAIR
HE'S TIED UP TIGHT, BOSS. HOUDINI COULDN'T UNDO THEM KNOTS.
GOOD. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER. NOW WE'LL START THE MEETING, IF EVERYBODY'S HERE.
GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH THE MEETING. DON'T MIND ME.

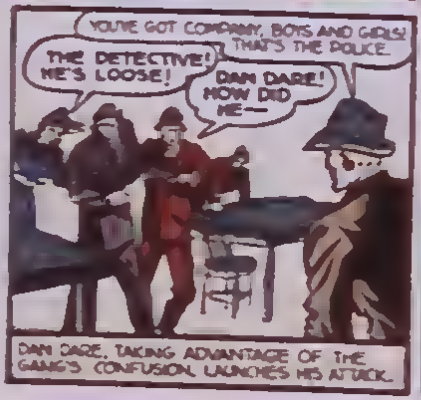

THORNTON AND THE CLARION ARE GETTING DANGEROUS, BOYS. WE DIDN'T HEED OUR WARNING. HE WAS SAVED TODAY BY THE LUCK OF THAT FOOL OF A DETECTIVE. THE NEXT ATTEMPT MUST NOT FAIL.
JUST TELL US WHAT TO DO, ZYZ.
MISS HOLMES, ALIAS ZYZ, CONDUCTS A MEETING OF HER RACKETEERING GANG.

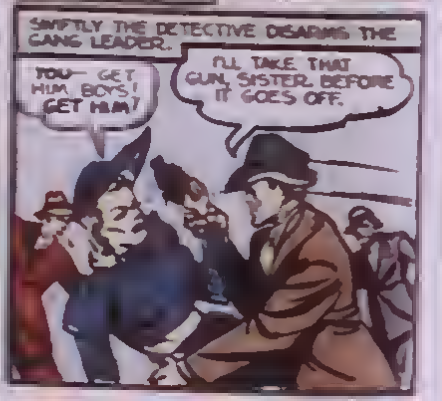
NOW—IF THOSE BIRDS DON'T CATCH ON—
MEANWHILE, DAN SLIDS A KNIFE FROM A HIDDEN SHEATH IN HIS SLEEVE.

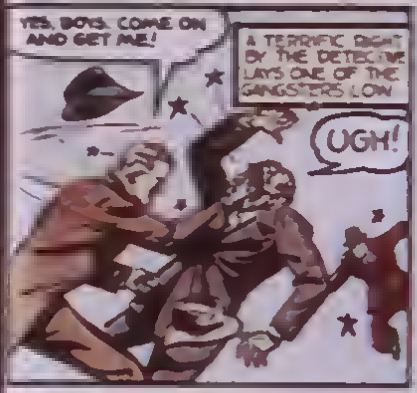
A FEW QUICK SLASHES AND—
FREE AT LAST! NOW TO CRASH MISS XYZ'S LITTLE PARTY!


XYZ OUTLINES TO HER GANG A PLOT AGAINST MR. THORNTON AND DAN DARE.
THORNTON IS NOW AT HOME. HERE IS THE PLAN. FIRST WE SHALL DISPOSE OF THAT MEDDLING DETECTIVE.

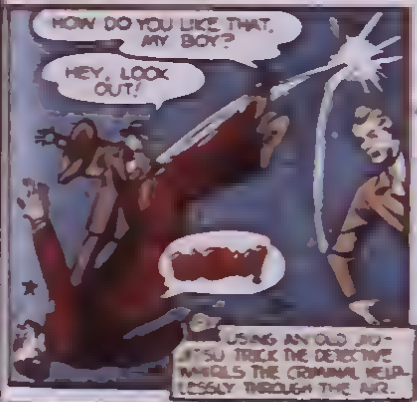

NOW, HAVE YOU ALL GOT THAT—
HEY, WHAT'S THAT? A SIREN!
THE SOUND OF A SIREN FROM THE STREET OUTSIDE INTERRUPTS THE GANGSTERS CONFERENCE.

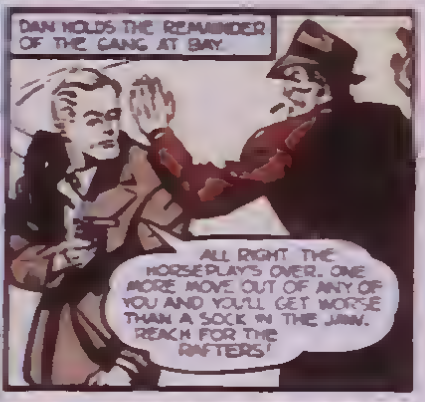

YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, BOYS AND GIRLS! THAT'S THE POLICE.
THE DETECTIVE! HE'S LOOSE!
DAN DARE! HOW DID HE—
DAN DARE, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GANG'S CONFUSION, LAUNCHES HIS ATTACK.

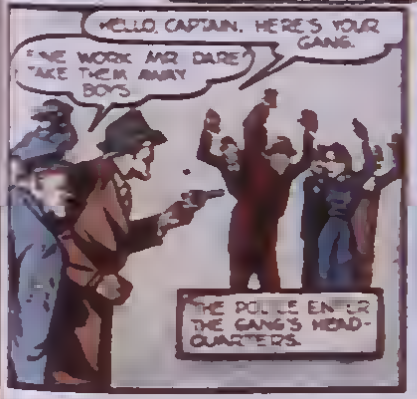

SWIFTLY THE DETECTIVE DISARMS THE GANG LEADER.
YOU— GET HIM, BOYS! GET HIM!
I'LL TAKE THAT GUN, SISTER, BEFORE IT GOES OFF.


YES, BOYS. COME ON AND GET ME!
A TERRIFIC RIGHT BY THE DETECTIVE LAYS ONE OF THE GANGSTERS LOW
UGH!

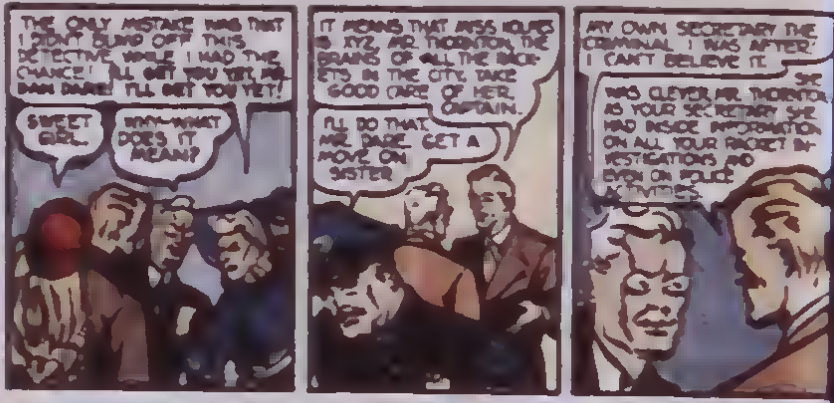
I'LL GET YOU, YOU—
PLAYING ROUGH, EH, SWEETHEART?
THE NEXT INSTANT A SECOND MEMBER OF THE GANG GRABS THE DETECTIVE FROM BEHIND.

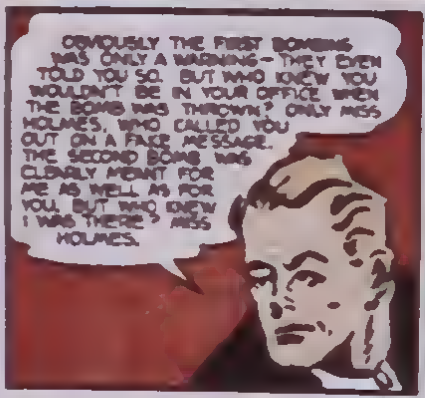

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, MY BOY?
HEY, LOOK OUT!
USING AN OLD JU-JITSU TRICK THE DETECTIVE HURLS THE CRIMINAL HELPLESSLY THROUGH THE AIR.

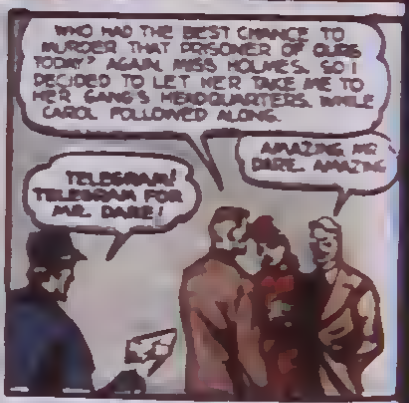

DAN HOLDS THE REMAINDER OF THE GANG AT BAY.
ALL RIGHT THE HORSEPLAYS OVER. ONE MORE MOVE OUT OF ANY OF YOU AND YOU'LL GET WORSE THAN A SOCK IN THE JAW. REACH FOR THE RAFTERS!

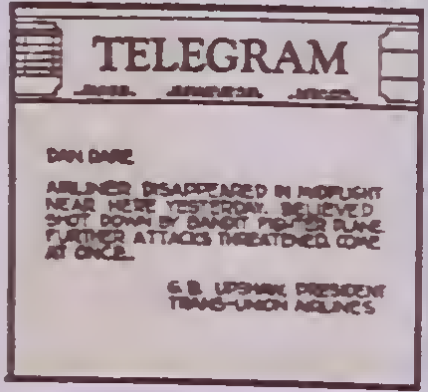

HELLO, CAPTAIN. HERE'S YOUR GANG.
FINE WORK MR DARE TAKE THEM AWAY BOYS
THE POLICE ENTER THE GANG'S HEADQUARTERS.

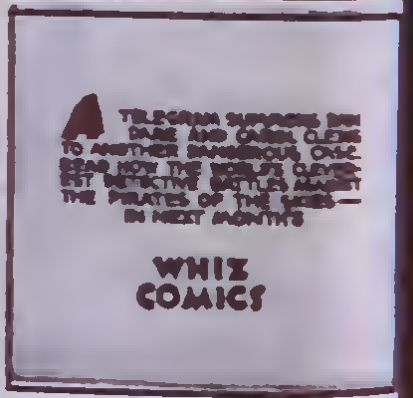
WELL, HAWKSHAW I GUESS WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. I BROUGHT MR THORNTON ALONG - THOUGHT HE MIGHT BE INTERESTED.
FINE, GLAMOUR GIRL. YOU DID A NICE JOB.
BUT! - THERE'S MISS HOLMES OVER THERE WITH THOSE CROOKS! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE.


THE ONLY MISTAKE WAS THAT I DIDN'T BUMP OFF THIS DETECTIVE WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE! I'LL GET YOU YET, MR. DAN DARE! I'LL GET YOU YET!
SWEET GIRL.
WHY—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
IT MEANS THAT MISS HOLMES IS XYZ, MR. THORNTON, THE BRAINS OF ALL THE RACKETS IN THE CITY. TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, CAPTAIN.
I'LL DO THAT, MR. DARE. GET A MOVE ON, SISTER.
ANY OWN SECRETARY THE CRIMINAL I WAS AFTER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.
SHE WAS CLEVER, MR. THORNTON, AS YOUR SECRETARY SHE HAD INSIDE INFORMATION ON ALL YOUR RACKET INVESTIGATIONS AND EVEN ON POLICE ACTIVITIES.


OBVIOUSLY THE FIRST BOMBING WAS ONLY A WARNING—THEY EVEN TOLD YOU SO. BUT WHO KNEW YOU WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR OFFICE WHEN THE BOMB WAS THROWN? ONLY MISS HOLMES, WHO CALLED YOU OUT ON A FAKE MESSAGE. THE SECOND BOMB WAS CLEARLY MEANT FOR ME AS WELL AS FOR YOU. BUT WHO KNEW I WAS THERE? MISS HOLMES.


WHO HAD THE BEST CHANCE TO MURDER THAT PRISONER OF OURS TODAY? AGAIN, MISS HOLMES. SO I DECIDED TO LET HER TAKE ME TO HER GANG'S HEADQUARTERS, WHILE CAROL FOLLOWED ALONG.
TELEGRAM! TELEGRAM FOR MR. DARE!
AMAZING, MR. DARE. AMAZING.


TELEGRAM
DAN DARE
AIRLINER DISAPPEARED IN MIDFLIGHT NEAR HERE YESTERDAY. BELIEVED SHOT DOWN BY BANDIT FIGHTER PLANE. FURTHER ATTACKS THREATENED. COME AT ONCE.
G.B. UPSHAW, PRESIDENT TRANS-UNION AIRLINES


TELEGRAM SUMMONS DAN DARE AND ORDEN CLEVE TO ANOTHER DANGEROUS ONCE-BEAR HOW THE WORLD'S CLEVEREST DETECTIVE BATTLES AGAINST THE PIRATES OF THE SKIES— IN NEXT MONTH'S
WHIZ COMICS

"OLD KING'S has the trail," Art Baker announced. The three boys halted. The yellow Ozark moon hung in the fork of a big sycamore.

"King or Old Baldy'll bay soon's one of 'em finds it again," Clem Baker encouraged.

"Might's well rest till we know which way he's headin'," Art, the oldest, advised. Tom Jackson's weary legs sagged. His first moonlight coon hunt found his city feet, that had spent fifteen years on cement sidewalks, glad to rest. Rough paths through the rocky Ozarks, stumbling along in the dark had tired Tom. But it WAS fun! He liked to hear the echo of the hounds' baying through the rocky hills.

"'Bout half mile from Red Bridge, ain't we?" Clem asked as the boys sat down on a log to wait.

"Yep!" returned his older brother. "Ever tell Tom about the old brick house there?"

"Red brick house?" asked Tom, amazed to learn there were any houses in these hills except the log cabins and crude shacks he had seen since his parents moved from St. Louis last spring when they inherited his grandfather's Ozark farm.

"Jesse James and his gang held up a train at Red Bridge," Art went on to enlighten Tom. "but there were ex-union soldiers on it, and being sworn enemies of the James Boys 'cause the James' fought for the Confeds, they put up an awful fight. Jesse and all the gang escaped except one feller. My granddad Baker was huntin' about where we are now and he sees the hold up and the fight, and then he sees 'em hang him! Right across the creek—Little Blue river they calls it in geography at school, but we'uns allers says it's a creek."

"Lynched him!" asked Tom in horror.

"Hanged him to a rafter in the old empty red brick house half a quarter from the depot t'other side of the red bridge," Clem added quickly.

"The old red brick house has been empty ever since, too!" Art drawled. He paused, then went on in his drawling manner that made his startling declarations so frightening. "Haunted! By the ghost of the dead bandit. Settler folks moved in one day and moved out the next! Ugh—boo!"

"Humph!" declared Tom bravely. "I'm not afraid of ghosts." His city bred air of wisdom commanded the native brothers' respect. They looked at him in admiration. Then the dogs broke their silence.

"Come on!" shouted Clem, "sounds like they need help."

"Might be a Bobcat!" Art exploded excitedly.

THE TWO BROTHERS, so used to the woods and darkness, seemed to melt into the brush before Tom could follow. The yellow moon, hanging on the limb of a big sycamore tree, disappeared under a dark cloud, and as Tom stumbled through the suddenly dark woods toward the sound of the other boy's footsteps, they grew faint and died away. Then the puffing of a locomotive, dragging a heavy freight train around the curve on the steep grade, became louder. Fearful of losing his companions, Tom fired his rifle, but the whistle of the locomotive drowned out the sound. By the time the train disappeared and no sound carried, Tom realized he was hopelessly lost.

A rugged path led him winding down to the railroad tracks. Tom stumbled over the ties until a flash of lightning revealed the depot. Its windows he found boarded up, the doors nailed shut. Another flash of lightning showed him the ancient dirt road crossing the track at the end of the cinder platform.

In search of a house and shelter from the coming storm, Tom started down the road. He heard the rattle of the [illegible] as he crossed the old bridge. Then he lost the road. Bumped into a tree. Thunder crashed. Vivid lightning lit up the yard into which he had blundered—and then he saw a house.

The youth groped around and stumbled upon the porch, then felt rough brick walls as he sought the door. He stumbled over a shutter, a leaf off its hinges on the floor of the porch, lit a match and saw a candle stub on the shelf. By its light he could distinguish rafters above. The thin boards on them were too rotten and so widely scattered no one would dare walk on them. The stairs were rotten and most of the steps missing.

"The haunted old red brick house!" he exclaimed. But then shrugged for he really didn't

believe in ghosts and besides he had his rifle. Another crash of thunder, he must stay until daylight. He lay down beside the low, open window, breathing a tired sigh of relief. Clutching his rifle on the floor beside him, Tom Jackson fell asleep.

Suddenly he was wide awake. Not a breath of air. The silence was awful. Gosh, it was dark! So inky black he felt it. Felt the awful silent, dark blackness pressing down, crushing him. He had the rifle in his hands, the hammer cocked, his finger on the trigger. But the weird experience paralyzed him. What was that? That soft, ghostly step on the flimsy attic floor! Pitter-patter down those rotten steps! On the floor coming toward him! He tried to raise the rifle—couldn't move. Tried to yell—couldn't. His breath stopped—his heart stopped. He felt the breath of the ghostly thing on his face—merciful heavens—so soft, unearthly, ghostly fingers had touched his cheek! Like a cold, clammy, unearthly hand. Thunder crashed. Wind blew rain in his face as bright lightning lit up the room through the open window. HE SAW THE GHOST. The "Ghost" had leathers—it was a bat.

The End

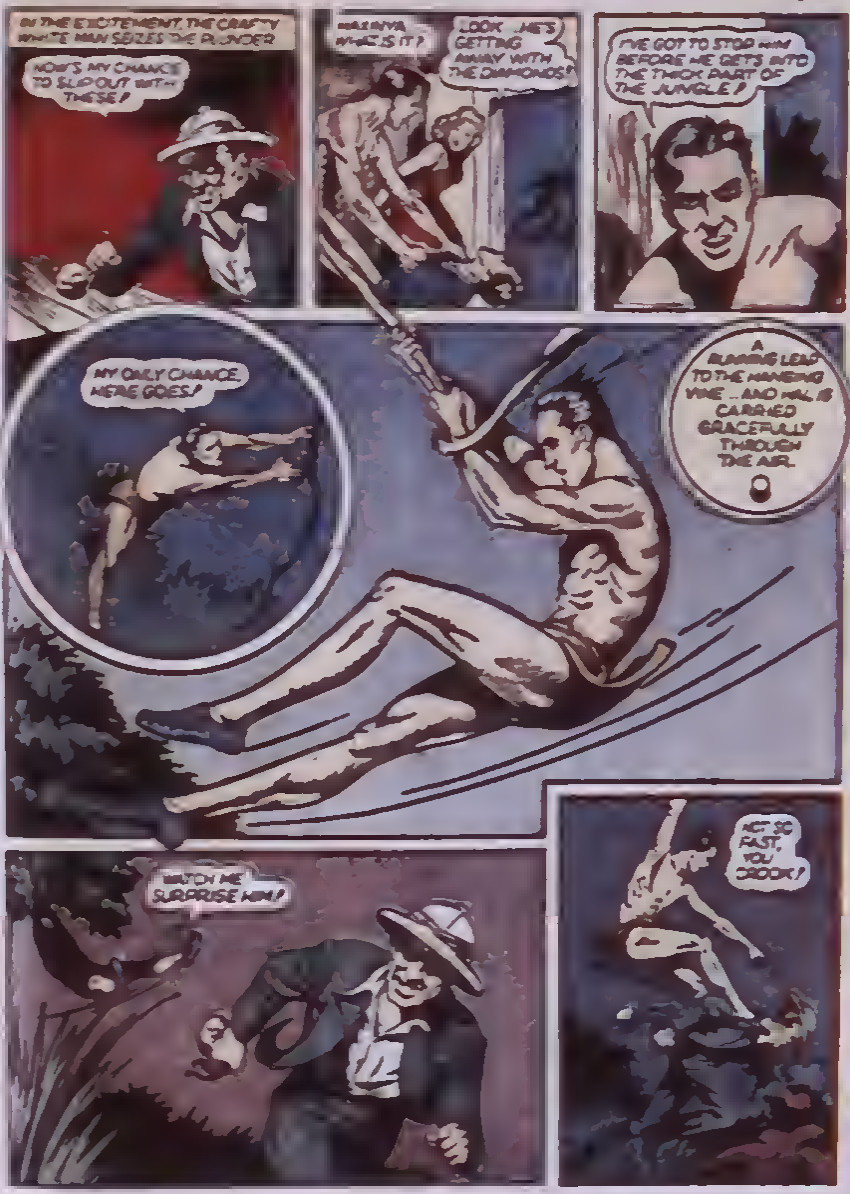
Voodoo

1 BEHIND HIS UNSELFISH WORK AMONGST THE BLANCAS, A SAVAGE WHITE INDIAN TRIBE OF THE AMAZON, HAL CARREY, YOUNG AMERICAN ADVENTURER, BECAME KNOWN AS DOCTOR VOODOO ...
I WONDER IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO MALWYNA AND HER FATHER?
DON'T WORRY, HAL
DOCTOR VOODOO IMPATIENTLY AWAITS THE RETURN OF MALWYNA AND HER FATHER FROM A DIAMOND SELLING TRIP
JUNGLE DRUMS ... CALLING FOR HELP
IT'S FROM THE WAHELIS ... CHIEF UMBILLO NEEDS HELP. COME, HAL WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE!
THROUGH THE NIGHT THE CANOE TRAVELS SWIFTLY TOWARD THE WAHELIS
THE FOLLOWING MORNING
GREETINGS UMBILLO "HAL" IS MY FRIEND DOCTOR VOODOO
A MYSTERIOUS DEATH STALKS THROUGH MY VILLAGE. PERHAPS YOUR DOCTOR VOODOO CAN HELP US?
EVERY NIGHT A GREAT ANIMAL, HALF LION AND HALF MAN CARRIES OFF SOME OF MY PEOPLE
ORDER YOUR MEN TO DO AS I SAY AND I SHALL GET RID OF THIS MONSTER FOR YOU

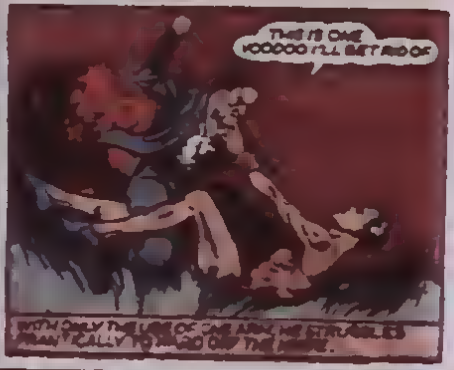
AS DR. VOODOO DIRECTS THE DARK, JAGUAR'S WARNING OF DANGER IS IGNORED
LASH THE RAILING AROUND THE PLATFORM AND MAKE IT STRONG!
COME JAGUAR, THERE'S NOTHING THERE
I'LL MAKE A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR DR. VOODOO TONIGHT
LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE HORRIBLE CREATURE STANDS GUARD
WHEW! WHAT A HORRIBLE LOOKING CREATURE!
WE'LL SEE HOW MR. MONSTER LIKES A DOSE OF HOT LEAD
WHAT THE— THE PLATFORM IS BREAKING!
THE IMPACT OF THE FALL DISCHARGES THE RIFLE AND
BLAM!
THE TERRIFIED MONSTER DISAPPEARS
...CRY MY RIFLE FRIGHTENED IT AWAY
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED?
THE MONSTER GOT AWAY BUT I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING! WE'LL REBUILD THE PLATFORM IN THE MORNING

THAT FOOL, DOCTOR VOODOO WILL SOON MEET WITH ANOTHER ACCIDENT!
HE'LL NEVER RETURN TO TREACHEROUS BWORO
BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE
I KNEW I'D CATCH SOMETHING THIS TIME.
THAT'S FOR YOUR DIRTY WORK, DR. VOO!
UGHHH!
ALWAYS ON THE ALERT, THE FAITHFUL ANIMAL LEADS TO ARREST THE DOCTOR.
WHAT, JUNO! THAT THE END OF HIM?

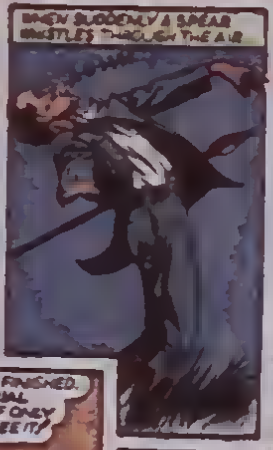
HELP! NINKO DOCTOR VOODOO HELP!
AT DAYBREAK AN ANGUISHED CRY RINGS THROUGH THE BANGU VILLAGE.
IT'S NAMBA, ONE OF MAGUNYA'S GUARDS!
WHITE MEN TAKE GIRL AND OLD MAN—AHHH TO SHACK AT MOUTH OF RIV-AH H-H...
NINKO, MAZANTISUN DANGER! WE MUST LEAVE AT ONCE
MEANWHILE IN A DESERTED SHACK ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE HARBOR
SPEAK, PRETTY ONE WHERE IS THE DIAMOND MINE LOCATED?
I'LL DIE BEFORE TELL.
SHE'LL TALK NOW! PUT THE TORCH TO HIS FEET!
STOP— I'LL TELL YOU!
BUT SUDDENLY THE RESCUE PARTY CHARGES IN, STRIKING FIERCELY AS THEY DO
WHAT THE—!
JAPPA!


IN THE EXCITEMENT, THE CRAFTY WHITE MAN SEIZES THE PLUNDER
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SLIP OUT WITH THESE!
WAS IN'YA WHAT IS IT?
LOOK ..HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH THE DIAMONDS!
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE GETS INTO THE THICK PART OF THE JUNGLE!
MY ONLY CHANCE. HERE GOES!
A RUNNING LEAP TO THE HANGING VINE .. AND HAL IS CARRIED GRACEFULLY THROUGH THE AIR.
WATCH ME SURPRISE HIM!
NOT SO FAST, YOU CROOK!

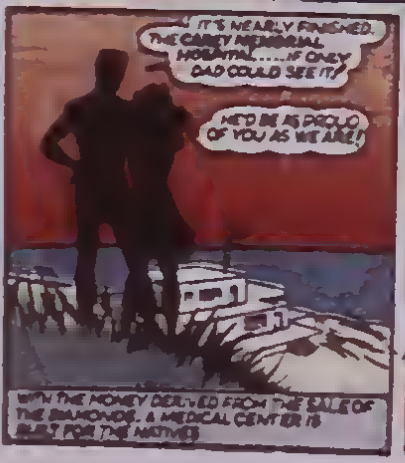
MY HAND I'VE SPRAINED IT?
IN FALLING, DOCTOR VOODOO LANDS ON HIS WRIST

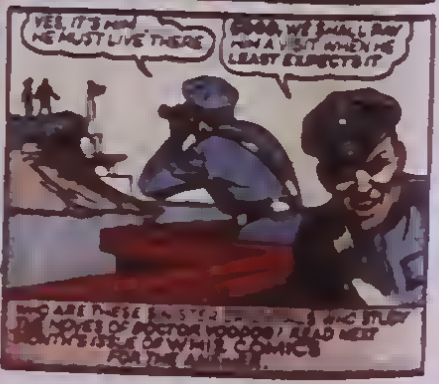

THIS IS ONE VOODOO I'LL BET RID OF
WITH ONLY THE USE OF ONE ARM, HE STRUGGLES FRANTICALLY TO RID HIMSELF OF THE SNAKE.

THE DEADLY BLADE DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE DOCTOR'S THROAT


WHEN SUDDENLY A SPEAR WHISTLES THROUGH THE AIR

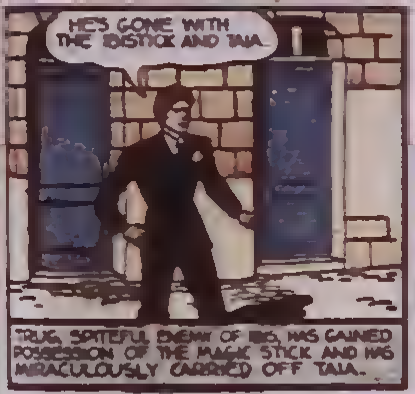
NOT BAD... BUT YOURS IS STILL GOOD AT SPEAR TOSSING, NIKKO
YOUR HAND HOW IS IT?


IT'S NEARLY FINISHED. THE CAREY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL.....IF ONLY DAD COULD SEE IT!
HE'D BE AS PROUD OF YOU AS WE ARE!
WITH THE MONEY DERIVED FROM THE SALE OF THE DIAMONDS, A MEDICAL CENTER IS BUILT FOR THE NATIVES

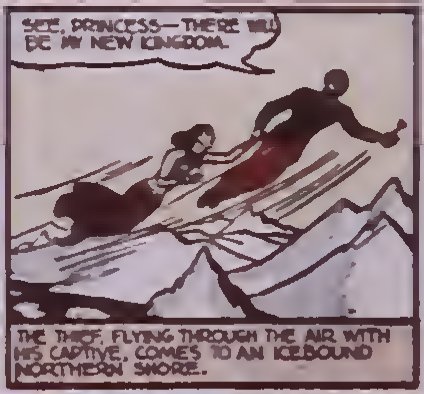

YES, IT'S HIM! HE MUST LIVE THERE
GOOD, WE SHALL PAY HIM A VISIT WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT!
WHO ARE THESE
MOVES OF DOCTOR VOODOO! READ NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF WHIZ COMICS FOR THE ANSWER!

IBIS
THE INVINCIBLE

A SLEEP OF DEATH FOR 4,000 YEARS IN THE TOMBS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, THEN MIRACULOUS LIFE AND POWER IN THE WORLD OF TODAY — THIS IS THE STUPENDOUS STORY OF PRINCE IBIS THE MAGICIAN AND THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TALA, WITH THE ENCHANTED IBISTICK, WAND OF LIMITLESS WHITE MAGIC. THEY WAGE MIRACULOUS WAR AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL THEY FIND RAMPANT IN THE COMPLICATED CIVILIZATION OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

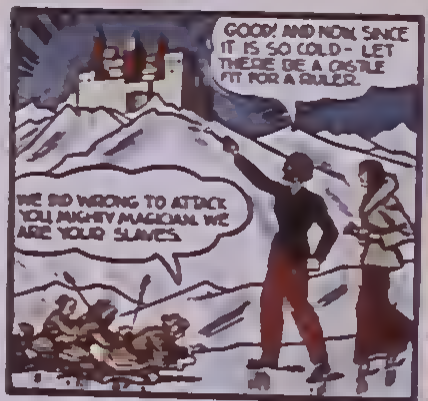


TRUG, SPITEFUL ENEMY OF IBIS, HAS GAINED POSSESSION OF THE MAGIC STICK AND HAS MIRACULOUSLY CARRIED OFF TALA.

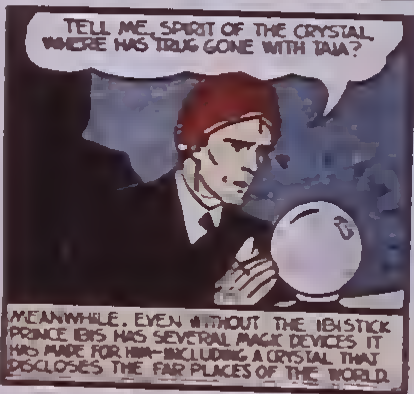


THE THIEF, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR WITH HIS CAPTIVE, COMES TO AN ICEBOUND NORTHERN SHORE.

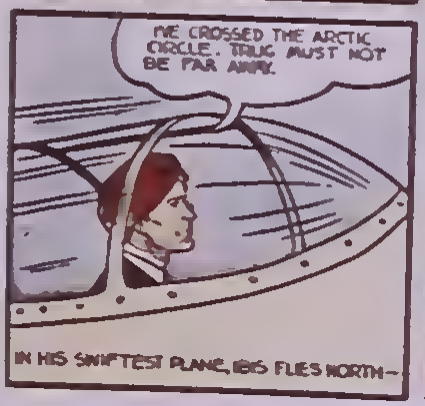
A WAVE OF THE IBISTICK, AND THE WARRIORS SHRUNK TO THE SIZE OF MIDGETS.

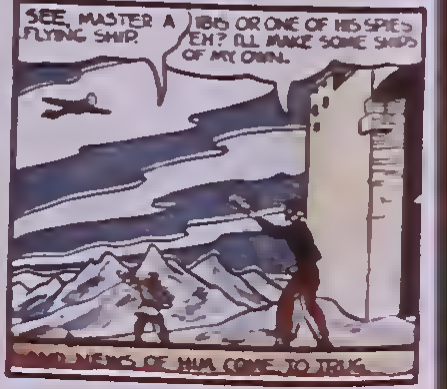

GOOD! AND NOW, SINCE IT IS SO COLD - LET THERE BE A CASTLE FIT FOR A RULER.
WE DID WRONG TO ATTACK YOU, MIGHTY MAGICIAN! WE ARE YOUR SLAVES.

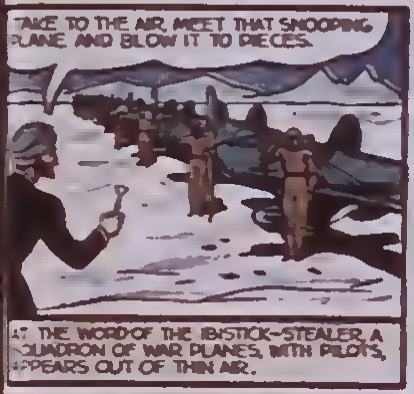
ENTER, PRINCESS. I'LL TREAT YOU WELL- IF IBIS FOLLOWS. YOU'LL BE A HOST FOR HIS GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

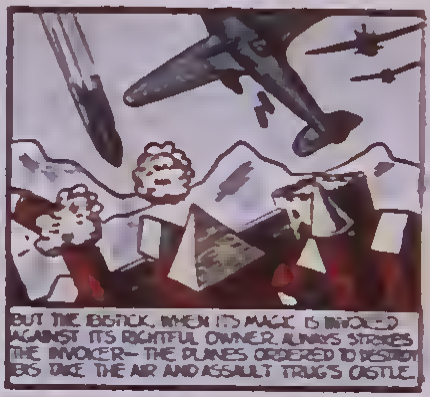

TELL ME, SPIRIT OF THE CRYSTAL, WHERE HAS TRUG GONE WITH TAIA?
MEANWHILE, EVEN WITHOUT THE IBISTICK PRINCE IBIS HAS SEVERAL MAGIC DEVICES IT HAS MADE FOR HIM- INCLUDING A CRYSTAL THAT DISCLOSES THE FAR PLACES OF THE WORLD.

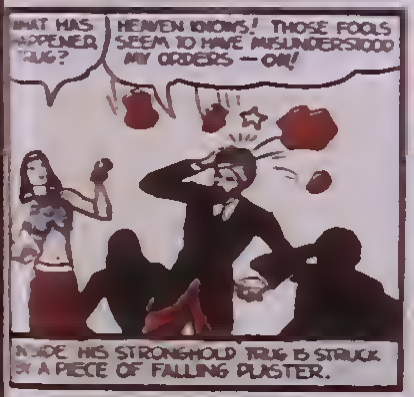
A CASTLE IN A FROZEN LAND THAT IS CLUE ENOUGH. I'LL GO TO THE ARCTIC.

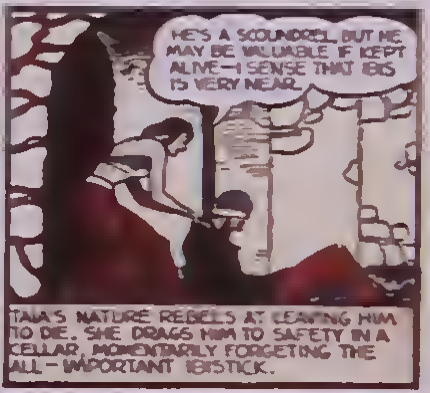

I'VE CROSSED THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. TRUG MUST NOT BE FAR AWAY.
IN HIS SWIFTEST PLANE, IBIS FLIES NORTH-

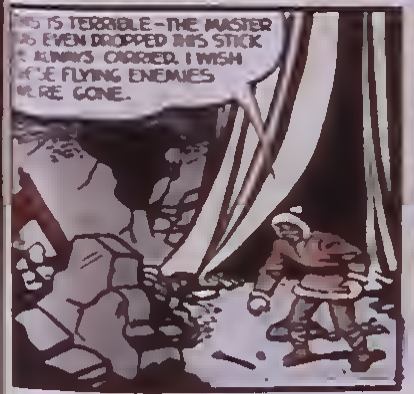

SEE, MASTER A FLYING SHIP.
IBIS OR ONE OF HIS SPIES, EH? I'LL MAKE SOME SHIPS OF MY OWN.
AND MEANS OF HUA COME TO TRUG.


TAKE TO THE AIR, MEET THAT SNOOPING PLANE AND BLOW IT TO PIECES.
AT THE WORD OF THE IBISTICK-STEALER A SQUADRON OF WAR PLANES, WITH PILOTS, APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR.


BUT THE IBISTICK, WHEN ITS MAGIC IS INVOKED AGAINST ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER, ALWAYS STRIKES THE INVOKER— THE PLANES ORDERED TO DESTROY IBIS TAKE THE AIR AND ASSAULT TRUG'S CASTLE.


WHAT HAS HAPPENED, TRUG?
HEAVEN KNOWS! THOSE FOOLS SEEM TO HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD MY ORDERS — OH!
INSIDE HIS STRONGHOLD TRUG IS STRUCK BY A PIECE OF FALLING PLASTER.

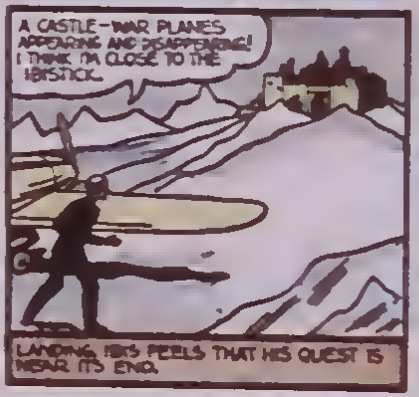

HE'S A SCOUNDREL, BUT HE MAY BE VALUABLE IF KEPT ALIVE—I SENSE THAT IBIS IS VERY NEAR.
TALA'S NATURE REBELS AT LEAVING HIM TO DIE. SHE DRAGS HIM TO SAFETY IN A CELLAR, MOMENTARILY FORGETTING THE ALL-IMPORTANT IBISTICK.


THIS IS TERRIBLE—THE MASTER HAS EVEN DROPPED HIS STICK HE ALWAYS CARRIED. I WISH THESE FLYING ENEMIES WERE GONE.

THEY'VE GONE—AS THOUGH AT MY COMMAND! NOW IF I ONLY WERE BIG - BIGGER THAN EVER—
AT THE WORD OF THE CHIEF, THE MAGIC PLANES VANISH INTO THE THIN AIR THAT PRODUCED THEM.

IT CAME TRUE! I SEE— THIS STICK MAKES MAGIC.

YOU CONQUERED ME ONCE. NOW IT'S MY TURN — LET BARS APPEAR TO HOLD YOU PRISONER!

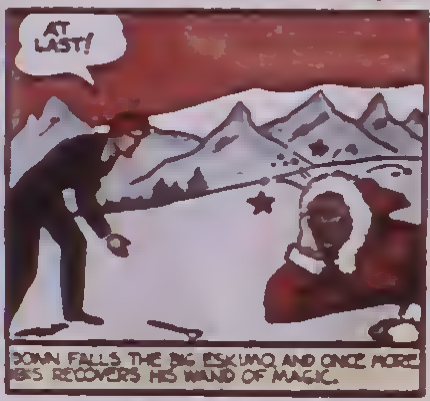

A CASTLE — WAR PLANES APPEARING AND DISAPPEARING! I THINK I'M CLOSE TO THE IBISTICK.
LANDING, IBIS FEELS THAT HIS QUEST IS NEAR ITS END.

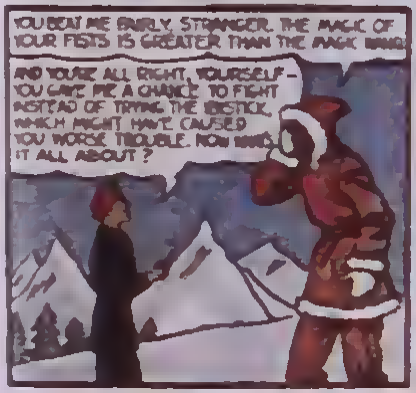
THE MASTER OF ALL THIS LAND. YOU, I SUPPOSE ARE ANOTHER ENEMY MAGICIAN.
WHO ARE YOU, BIG MAN?

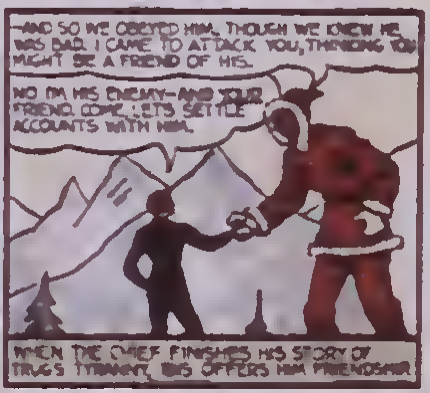
I NEED NO WAND OF MAGIC TO CONQUER AN ORDINARY MAN!

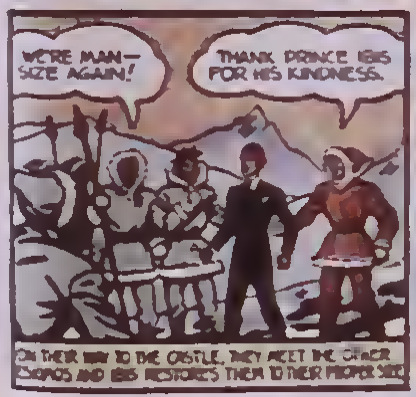
OOF!

THERE'S A TYPE OF MAGIC YOU NEVER SAW BEFORE, MY TORMENTOR FRIEND.


AT LAST!
DOWN FALLS THE BIG ESKIMO AND ONCE MORE IBIS RECOVERS HIS WAND OF MAGIC.


YOU BEAT ME FAIRLY, STRANGER. THE MAGIC OF YOUR FISTS IS GREATER THAN THE MAGIC WAND.
AND YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, YOURSELF - YOU GAVE ME A CHANCE TO FIGHT INSTEAD OF TRYING THE TRICK WHICH MIGHT HAVE CAUSED YOU WORSE TROUBLE. NOW WHAT IT ALL ABOUT?


-AND SO WE OBEYED HIM, THOUGH WE KNEW HE WAS BAD. I CAME TO ATTACK YOU, THINKING YOU MIGHT BE A FRIEND OF HIS.
NO I'M HIS ENEMY-AND YOUR FRIEND. COME: LETS SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH HIM.
WHEN THE CHIEF FINISHES HIS STORY OF TRUG'S TYRANNY, IBIS OFFERS HIM FRIENDSHIP.


WE'RE MAN-SIZE AGAIN!
THANK PRINCE IBIS FOR HIS KINDNESS.
ON THEIR WAY TO THE CASTLE, THEY MEET THE OTHER ELVES AND IBIS RESTORES THEM TO THEIR PROPER SIZE.

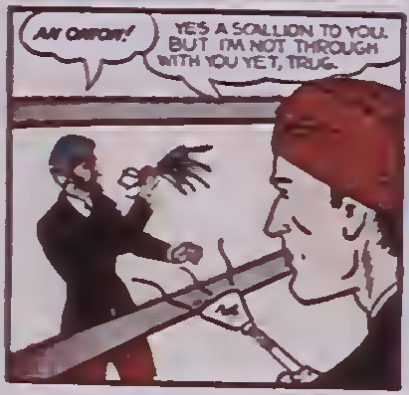
IBIS! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME!
AT LEAST I'LL KEEP HIM FROM GETTING HIS PRINCESS BACK.
SENSING HIS FATE, TRUG HAS A NOTION!

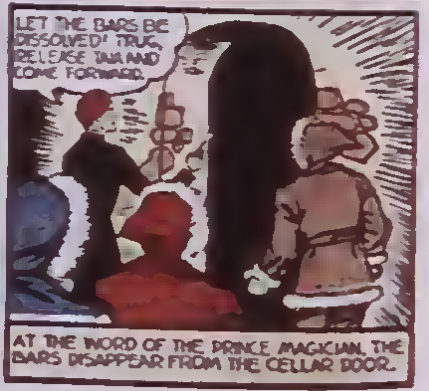
THIS WILL SCATTER YOUR BRAINS, MY PRETTY.

BBBttt!!
ETZZO—

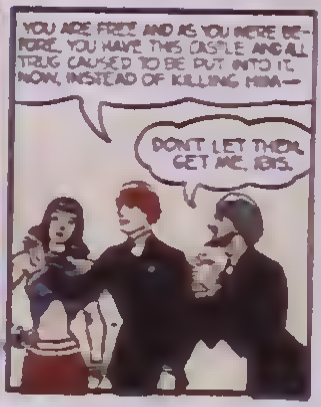
A ROSE FOR THE FAIREST PRINCESS I KNOW.

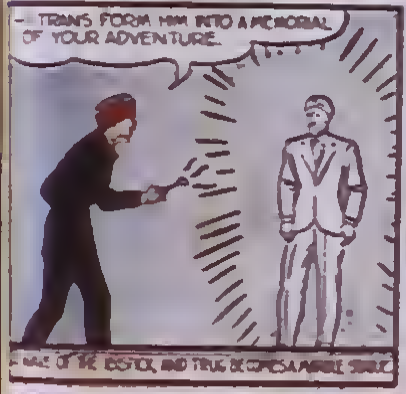
ALL RIGHT, YOU WITH— I'LL DIE OF MY OWN HAND.

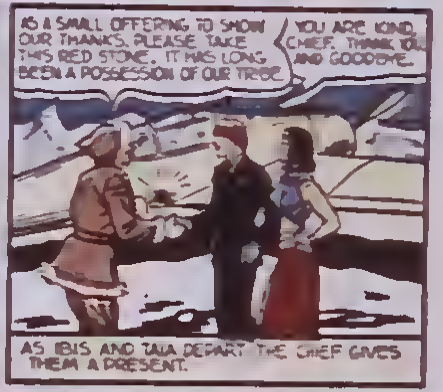

AN OMEN!
YES A SOLLION TO YOU. BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET, TRUG.


LET THE BARS BE DISSOLVED! TRUG, RELEASE TAJA AND COME FORWARD.
AT THE WORD OF THE PRINCE MAGICIAN, THE BARS DISAPPEAR FROM THE CELLAR DOOR.

STRIKE DOWN THE CRUEL TRUG!
NO, MY FRIENDS, WAIT.


YOU ARE FREE AND AS YOU WERE BEFORE. YOU HAVE THIS CASTLE AND ALL TRUG CAUSED TO BE PUT INTO IT. NOW, INSTEAD OF KILLING NIDA—
DON'T LET THEM GET ME, IBIS.

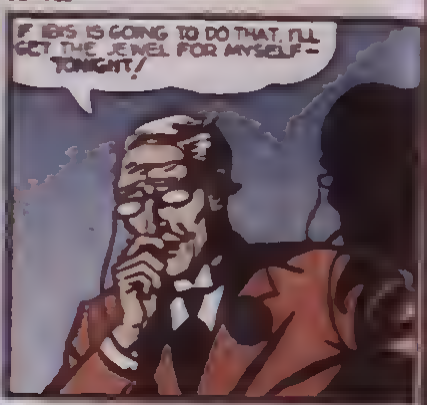

—TRANS FORM HIM INTO A MEMORIAL OF YOUR ADVENTURE.

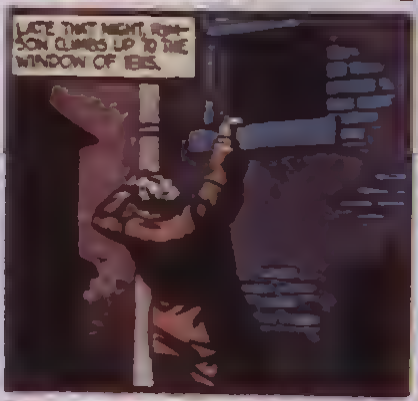

AS A SMALL OFFERING TO SHOW OUR THANKS, PLEASE TAKE THIS RED STONE. IT HAS LONG BEEN A POSSESSION OF OUR TRIBE.
YOU ARE KIND, CHIEF. THANK YOU AND GOODBYE.
AS IBIS AND TALA DEPART THE CHIEF GIVES THEM A PRESENT.

—ICE IBIS, THIS RED STONE —RUBY—THE LARGEST AND REST EVER SEEN.
—RING TO CIVILIZATION, IBIS SHOWS THE ESKIMOS GIFT TO RAPSON, THE JEWEL EXPERT.

I HAD NOT KNOWN IT WAS VALUABLE. IT MUST BE RETURNED TO THE ESKIMOS.
?

WHAT- GIVE THAT GORGEOUS JEWEL BACK TO SAVAGES? PRINCE IBIS, YOU CAN'T MEAN IT!
I DO MEAN IT. I WILL START BACK TOMORROW.


IF IBIS IS GOING TO DO THAT, I'LL GET THE JEWEL FOR MYSELF — TONIGHT!

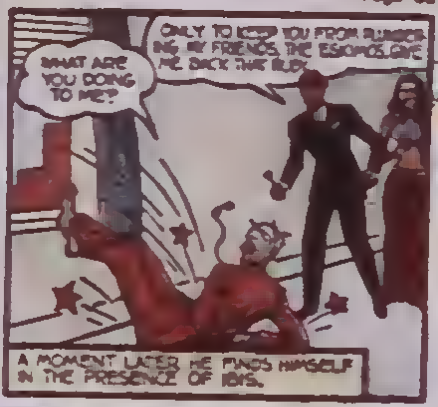

LATE THAT NIGHT, ROBINSON CLIMBS UP TO THE WINDOW OF IBIS.

HERE, IT IS. UNDER MY HAND.
SLEEPING SOUNDLY, IBIS DOES NOT DREAM OF HIS THEFT.

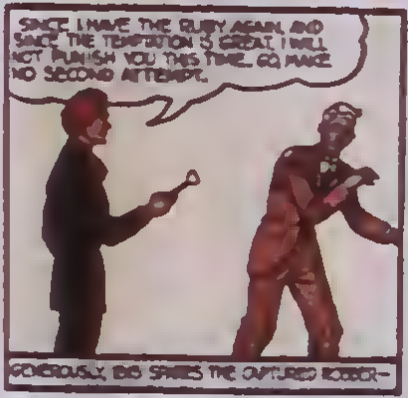
THE RUBY GONE - WITHOUT TRACE?
YES. FROM MY BEDSIDE. SOME CLEVER THIEF TOOK IT.
— UNTIL HE WAKES IN THE MORNING.

I COMMAND THE LIPSTICK TO BRING BACK THE THIEF.

IBIS IS THE MOST DANGEROUS HIS LOOT THE MAGIC POWER BLINDS HIM, WHILE IBIS RISES INTO THE AIR.

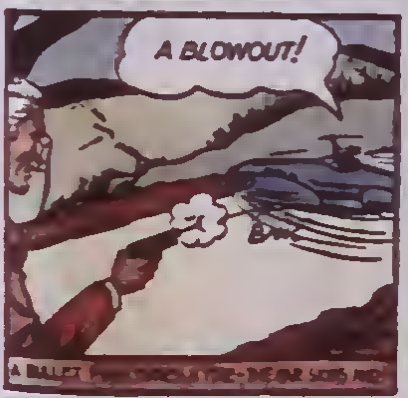


A MOMENT LATER HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF IBIS.



GENEROUSLY, IBIS SPARES THE CAPTURED ROBBER—

—BUT RAMSON PLANS ANOTHER VIOLENT ATTEMPT.



A BULLET [illegible]

—INTO THE AIR FLY IBIS AND TARA. HAS A GREEDY JEWEL THIEF BROUGHT AN END TO THE BRILLIANT CAREER OF IBIS, OR IS THE MAGICIAN TRULY INVINCIBLE? FOLLOW THIS ADVENTURE TO ITS CONCLUSION IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

WHIZ COMICS

WHIZ Magic

by [illegible]

A NORMER BAG FULL OF TRICKS THAT WILL MYSTIFY AND AMUSE YOUR FRIENDS - TRY THEM!

LIGHT A CANDLE with a PIECE of ICE

PLACE A VERY SMALL PIECE OF POTASSIUM, THE SIZE OF A SMALL BEBE SHOT, ON THE WICK OF A CANDLE - TOUCH IT WITH A PIECE OF ICE AND IT'LL BLAZE IMMEDIATELY!

PLACE WATER IN A DRINKING GLASS [illegible]!

HOW IT IS DONE! - TAKE A PLATE AND A TUMBLER OR A SMALL PIECE OF TISSUE PAPER - POUR WATER INTO PLATE UP TO FIRST RING - FOLD TISSUE PAPER, PLACE IN GLASS AND SET ON FIRE - JUST BEFORE FLAME DISAPPEARS, QUICKLY TURN GLASS UP-SIDE DOWN INTO WATER AND LO AND BEHOLD, THE WATER RUSHES INTO GLASS - NOW HOLD GLASS AND PLATE FIRM AND TURN OVER

A MAGICAL PENCIL

A CLEVER TRICK AND EASY TO PERFORM.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The [illegible]

NO NAILS ARE USED.

SOLUTION - LAY BOARD ACROSS DOUBLE 5 PROJECTING OVER EDGE - NAME A PAIL OF WATER ON IT WITHOUT FASTENING TOWARD TO TABLE. NAME HANDLE HELD IN AN INCLINED POSITION WITH THE MIDDLE OF THE PAIL BETWEEN EDGE OF DOUBLE - PLACE STICK AGAINST BOTTOM OF PAIL AND INTO NOTCH ON BOARD

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The current issue of MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED tells you how you can win them in a big contest which anyone can enter and in which anyone can win. No mechanical skill is required.

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Third prize is a marvelous Atlas lathe worth $125. In addition, the lucky winners will receive $100 worth of accessories. This lathe is ideal for metal and wood turning.

The long list of additional prizes includes boats, guns, shop tools, model kits—and scores of other prizes, equally valuable and equally useful.

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